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Week of June 18, 1944



Highlights to Charm By David Wright The Mascara
Distinguished British Artist

Why the Talking Skull Lost Its Voice

By HAL WARD

LONG after the last Jap is kicked out of Netherlands New Guinea the kinky-headed natives will be talking about Claudius.

For many weeks these superstitious blacks, who were brought up on the hocus-pocus of their witch doctors, listened to the pidgin English that rolled sonorously from the fleshless mouth of Claudius—and did what he told them to do.

Sometimes Claudius—who landed on New Guinea with an outfit of Australian soldiers—ordered his ebony-faced disciples to go down to the beaches and help unload equipment and supplies. Sometimes he put them to work clearing air strips and spotting Jap snipers.

But mostly he talked about food—fresh meat. And fruit. And fish from the sea.

Claudius was no ordinary man. In fact he wasn't a man at all. He was a weather-beaten skull that the Aussies picked up somewhere on their martial wanderings. And he knew how to get what he wanted for his friends. While he was in good voice the battalion he hung out with seldom sat down to G.I. rations.

What made Claudy talk?

An Australian officer who ventriloquized for a living in civilian life. He was the author of the bright idea that two heads are better than one—even if half of the team is the bleached cranium of an ex-citizen. He it was who worked out a pidgin-patter for Claudius that kept the natives pop-eyed and bringing home the bacon.

The fighting Aussies acted as advance agents for Claudius. When they were beating about the bush looking for nests of Nips they spread the word about their amazing mascot. Then, when enough curious natives

had gathered to find out if such things could be, Claudy was trotted out to do his stuff. He wowed 'em. He kept the best of fresh fodder rolling in.

His line usually went something like this: "White fella much good friend black fella. White fella need plenty chow ketchum Jap. Black fella ketchum meat, ketchum fish,

ketchum fruit. Fetchum here. Claudius no forget black fella white fella friend."

The fame of the talking skull spread by jungle grapevine and blacks for miles around came to stare open-mouthed at Claudius and listen to his spiel. Now and then a tribal witch doctor, jealous of his own racket,

tried to convince his constituents that Claudy was a phony. But he never got anywhere. The fish and the fruit and the monkey meat and fowl piled up in the mess tent.

And then there came a day when the skull went dumb. The natives crowded around Claudius and cocked their eager ears for his familiar monologue that always began, "White fella much good friend black fella." But Claudy wouldn't talk.

The Aussies explained that their bodiless pal had a touch of the fever and wasn't in good voice. But he had put in his usual order for grub. This dodge didn't work. The Aussies went back to iron rations.

The blacks knew that Claudius had lost his voice and his power to make friends and influence people. They didn't know that the ventriloquizing officer had been whisked away in a PT boat to an outfit at the other end of the island.



The Eloquent Death's Head Puzzled and Fascinated the Superstitious Natives Who Obeyed Its Commands and Kept the Aussies Supplied with Fresh Food.

The Horse-Car Comes Back



The Citizens of Amsterdam Are Riding in Old-Fashioned Horse-Cars—But Not Because They Like This Antiquated Way of Getting Around.

IN Amsterdam, Holland, the old horse-drawn trolleys, for the first time in 40 years, have reappeared on Dutch streets. But they represent no whim on the part of the city fathers to return to the "good old days."

The horse-car boom is born of sheer necessity, the wholesale German seizure of transportation equipment. A Nazi decree, banning electric service on Sunday, also led to the decision

of the Dutch to trot out the old conveyances.

The only animals left to pull the dinky and ancient cars are dilapidated, broken-down horses. The sleek and powerful draft animals, for which Holland was so famous, were put to work in the German army long ago.

According to underground reports from the occupied country, the Dutch are looking on the return of the horse cars as a further sign that the Nazis

are getting nearer and nearer the end of their rope.

The "supermen," who promised the people of the occupied territories that they would bring with them a new order and new advancements, have in reality set back the clock of progress. It's the little things like horse-drawn trains that prove it.

Land Worth \$2,000,000 an Acre

THAT real estate men are great believers in deeds, not words, was proved in New York City the other day when the world's smallest lot—a tiny plot of land only four inches wide—was sold for \$1,500.

The dinky little parcel, a strip about the width of a man's hand, but some 90 feet in length, was bought by Frederick Brown, a Manhattan realtor. Had he purchased a whole acre at the rate he paid for the four inches, he would have had to plunk down over \$2,000,000.

Brown had to buy the little sliver of land, located on East 24th Street in New York's midtown, in order to complete a plot. He owned two lots on either side of the tiny strip. A planned apartment house couldn't be built until title was acquired to the narrow parcel.

The 4-inch lot was bought from J. Chris Hupfel, another realtor, who had acquired title to it some 10 years ago when he accidentally discovered

that the sliver was "lost land" that, by a queer set of circumstances, never had got onto the city's voluminous property records.

Hupfel found the then-ownerless strip when going through some real estate records with an eye to acquiring property in that area. Intrigued by his discovery, he set out to learn when and how the property was lost.

It developed that in 1844 a man named Munson sold 40 feet of frontage on East 24th Street. An error was made in the transfer deed, and the width of the land was listed as 39 feet 8 inches. The property was sold and resold through the years and no one noticed the missing four inches until Hupfel spotted it.

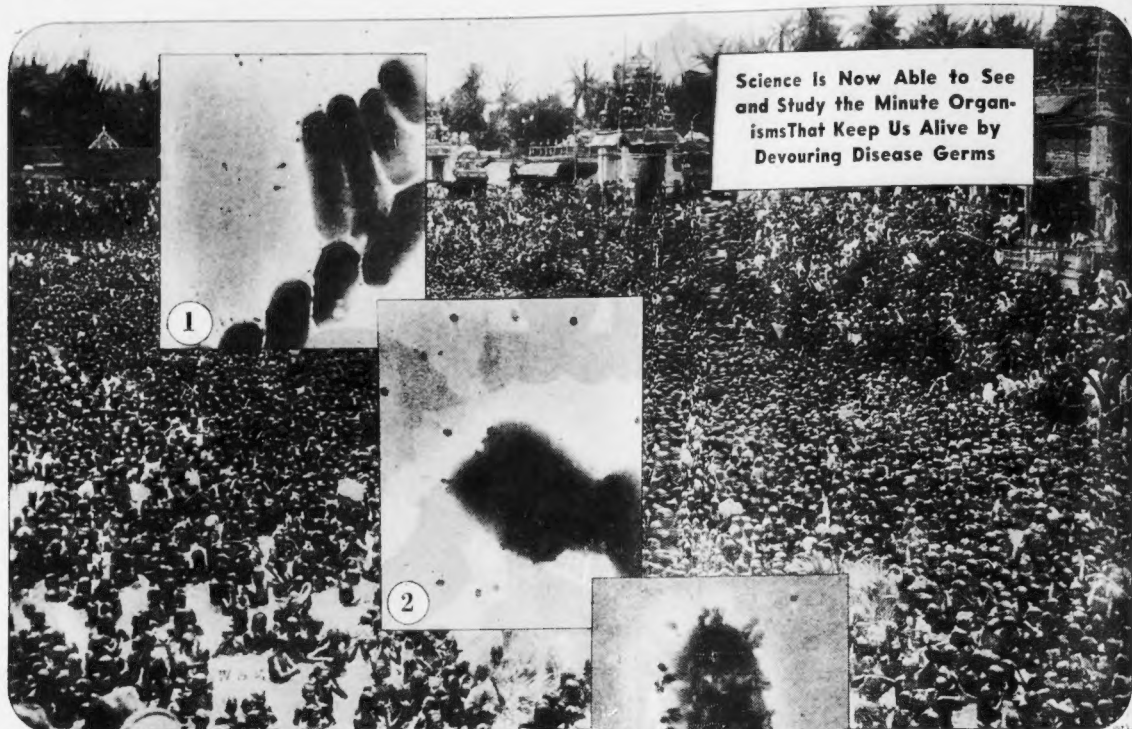
So in 1937—93 years after the error has been made—Hupfel had the four inches entered on the city map as a separate lot. Then he purchased a tax lien on the new parcel and later, through foreclosure, acquired title to the tiny strip.



ANY TIME'S THE TIME for Wheaties! Many a lover of the late snack keeps this orange and blue package within reach—and why not? That Wheaties flavor, that whole wheat goodness, is completely satisfying. Same blissful experience in the odd hours as at “Breakfast of Champions” time.

After an evening work-out in the victory garden, have a bowlful of crisp-crackly Wheaties flakes, with ice cool milk and whatever fruit the refrigerator affords. In jig time, any time!

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Science Is Now Able to See and Study the Minute Organisms That Keep Us Alive by Devouring Disease Germs

Visible at Last— Our Germ-Eating Friends *The Phages*

By GOBIND BEHARI LAL
Noted Science Analyst

LABORATORY researchers, peering into the recently perfected electron microscope that enlarges objects to 200,000 times their actual size, have just seen—and photographed—a minute organism, half-animate and half inanimate, that may be the key to an age-old scientific mystery—the profound enigma of how life began on earth.

Under the revealing rays of the super-magnifier, Dr. Thomas F. Anderson, working on an RCA Fellowship to the National Research Council, and his assistants beheld for the first time the bacteriophage, an infinitesimally tiny germ—and watched it change from an inorganic substance into a living one.

In one of its existences, this dual-personality organism is a tiny speck of lifeless organic matter; in the other, it is a living, reproducing "sub-germ," which multiplies itself millions of times in a matter of minutes.

Under the theories by which scientists account for the presence of life on earth, such a borderline creature, alternating between a state of life and inanimation, could possibly be the link that bridges a hitherto unspanned gap in terrestrial history.

Conceiving the earth in its early stages as a ball of fire that slowly cooled to its present state, paleontologists and geologists have previously advanced various theories as to how the first form of animate life evolved. But never before have they actually isolated a visible organism that just fits the pattern of such a beginning.

Of course, they may decide that the newly discovered "tiniest germ" doesn't fit either. Right now, however, it is their one best bet toward solving this particular problem.

Strangely, perhaps significantly, the newly discovered organism is one of the classes of germs that is friendly to life. It is a "germ-swallower"—something that preys on other germs, such as the streptococci, staphylococci, and pneumococci, literally eating them up from the inside outward.

In its dull inanimate existence, in water or air, the phage might as well be a bit of rock dust. It cannot reproduce its kind or complete a life cycle, so it merely "sits" and waits. But within the unwilling host's body, the phage comes alive. It multiplies at record-breaking speed —a whole generation covering a span of only about four minutes.

Until the electron microscope revealed individuals of the phage family—there are numerous brothers, sisters and cousins in the lot—many curious explanations of life's origin had been advanced from time to time. Some great minds of old thought spontaneous development, eons ago, brought forth whole living creatures such as mice and insects. An elaboration of this was a theory that lambs and geese grew on trees. In recent years one expert has credited a strange marriage between volcanic gases and quartz crystals with development of the first protoplasm. Other men hold that life first originated in the water; and the great Swedish scientist, Arrhenius, believed

that seeds of living creatures floated down from other planets, from outer space.

Now it seems entirely possible to science that there was no abrupt jump from non-living to living creatures in the days when, according to paleontologists, our earth was cooling off. Bacteriophage may have formed the needed bridge.

Why these little understood organisms never have developed into completely alive creatures, or died out entirely, is not known, but it is well for man that they have survived. For they act as healers and sanitary engineers in nature, devouring many dangerous germs.

Their bacteria-destroying job may be carried out in water, in the soil or inside human or animal bodies. The tiny germ-killers, ugly looking little fellows with queer geometric heads and tails making them seem like microscopic polliwogs, are especially active against the "bugs" causing boils and intestinal disorders.

Although these strange creatures only now have been seen, their existence was suspected fully 25 years ago. At that time they behaved like laboratory spooks, devouring germs from test-tube cultures and leaving clear, sterile solutions behind them. Inseparable bacteriophage hordes were fished out of sewage and other infected places. They even were found to exist inside of the human digestive tract.

In India, a few years later, these tiny organisms were proved to be the

Bacteriologists Were Amazed When Tiny Phages Were Found to Keep the Ganges River Waters Pure Enough to Drink Despite Disease Germs Left by Sewage and Swarms of Ceremonial Bathers. And Here Is How the Tadpole-like Killers Do It—

(1) Bacteriophages and Bacilli Coll; (2) Make Contact; (3) the Phages Seem to Come Alive and Multiply Inside the Germ; and (4) Finally Cause It to Explode.

(RCA Electron Micrograph)

purifying agents that made it possible for Hindus to drink water from the Ganges, a river into which all manner of sewage was dumped and where thousands of people bathed at ceremonial rites. Cholera epidemics some-

times occurred, but there were times when drinking this water made few of the worshippers sick.

Dr. Felix d'Hérelle, French discoverer of phages, was called in to explain the mystery. Placing cholera bacilli in Ganges water he watched them disappear—eaten up, he assumed, by some of the invisible germ-swallowers.

Dr. d'Hérelle predicted great medicinal uses for these little germ-killers. Perhaps they would have been investigated more thoroughly had not the apparently more potent sulfa drugs come into existence within more recent years.

Certain bodily substances, it has been found, seem to keep the bacteriophage from working. Blood serum and the white blood cells mysteriously counteract the tiny germ's killing power but it, in turn, stimulates man's own phagocyte, or scavenger cells, to do greater work.

Now that these borderline creatures have been brought within range of human vision it is possible that science not only will find out for sure what part they played in the origin of all life, but how they can do man more good in the future.



Ex-Baroness Lucia von Gontard, German Film Star, Who Took What She Said the Doctor Ordered, Only to Land in the Divorce Court.

By CHARLES ROBBINS

IF, as they say, an apple a day keeps the doctor away, playboy Baron Gert von Gontard would have done well to buy himself an orchard.

Because doctors have been bad luck for the Baron, very bad indeed. Not only the medical kind, but even one feminine doctor of philosophy.

Born in Germany, the son of a genuine baron, von Gontard is now an American citizen. He settled here soon after the Nazis came to power. It was a logical move, for his maternal grandfather was a wealthy St. Louis brewer, and most of the huge family fortune is invested in the United States.

But for the doctors, who seemed to give him nothing but headaches, his sojourn in this country might have been all beer and skittles.

The trouble started a few years ago, when a fashionable Fifth Avenue gynecologist, Dr. Hans Wiesbader, became overly attentive to the petite, blond Baroness Lucia von Gontard.

The Baron got a divorce, but apparently did not lose faith in doctors with German names. Soon afterward he engaged Dr. Arnold Aaron Hutschnecker as his personal physician.

According to the FBI, Hutschnecker diagnosed his wealthy client's trouble as an allergy to Draft Boards and furnished him with gall bladder disease history that helped keep him out of the U. S. armed forces.

The government said the diagnosis was a fake; the doctor said no, it was correct.

Anyway, the Baron was arrested, and recently had to stand trial as a draft evader.

His difficulties with the Ph.D., Gertrude Zenzes, had previously taken the form of a suit for \$72,000, representing her estimate of what he owed on an alleged promise to pay her \$50 a week for life.

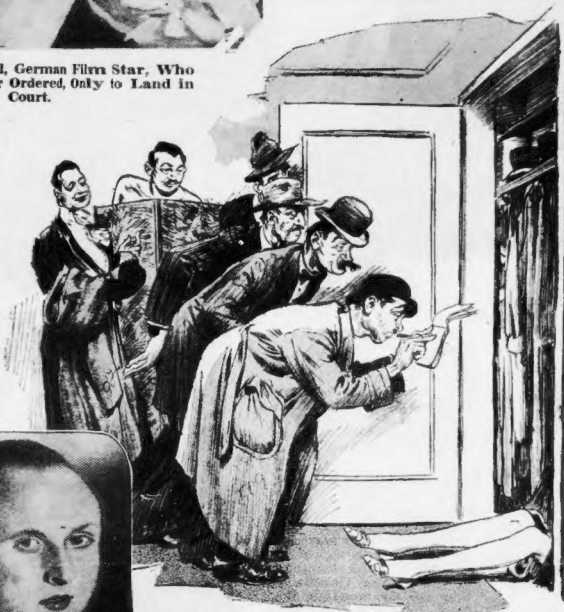
She also tossed in a \$900 bill for

Medical Misadventures of Baron von Gontard

Doctors Have
Treated Him to—Instead
of for—a Marital Collapse Besides
a Couple of Major Legal Headaches



FBI Photo of Dr. A. A. Hutschnecker, Who Was Charged With Prescribing for a Draft Board Allergy, and (Right), the Baron's Diary-Keeping Secretary, Gertrude Zenzes, Ph.D.



Throwing Open the Doctor's Closet Door, the Raiding Party Found the Usual Clothes and Also, They Testified, the Unclothed Baroness.



Baron Gert von Gontard, American Brewery Heir, Who Should Have Tried an Apple a Day.

told the court, an attempt to instill in her employer a love of military service; the supervision of his wine list; the redecoration of his apartment; the sending of flowers to glamorous girls, as well as cash to his divorced wife, and finally, the writing of a thesis.

The thesis was entitled, she said, "The Sexualization of Metaphysics."

Anybody who can do that to metaphysics—and get away with it—obvi-

ously deserves a prize. This book actually got one.

Dr. Zenzes claims that she not only wrote it for her boss but also submitted it in his name to a correspondence school and—guess what? It earned him a doctorate of philosophy, too!

Lacking apples, maybe he thought the best way to keep the doctors away from him was to become a doctor himself.

Dr. Zenzes also found time to keep a diary, which, with a Boswellian gesture, she sprang on the court. Many of its entries allegedly give details of the army's futile courtship of the doctor-baron. For instance:

"Read a book on Alaska in connec-

tion with proposed military service by defendant (it's not clear whether she foresightedly called the Baron 'defendant' in the diary or inserted the word later).

"From 7 p. m. till 1 a. m. conferred with defendant and skied expert regarding teaching defendant to ski so as to join Alaska forces of ski troops."

This Arctic conference may have given him cold feet, for, she testified, he later told her "he would never join the Army—the Army is for common, ordinary people."

Of the \$72,000 demanded in her damage suit, she was granted \$2,102, but the Baron has appealed.

Things went awry between Gert and Gertrude after his divorce from his wife, the Baroness Lucia, who once described him in court as "a producer for diversion, an author by inclination, and a philanthropist by instinct and profession."

Lucia is a former German screen star. Appropriately enough, her misadventure with Dr. Wiesbader involved a number of tried and true cinematic devices, among them a raid, a slight case of amnesia and, at the end, a dazzling nudist display under electric lights.

According to her story, she had dropped in on the physician at her husband's request to deliver some champagne. First, they discussed her marital infidelity, and then, she testified, the doctor offered her some wine, which brought on a sort of mental blackout.

That same evening her husband and a raiding party found her clothesless in the doctor's clothes closet, while Wiesbader, also negatively attired, looked on, the court was told, from behind a screen.

The Baron sued, and having freed himself from his wife, allegedly went on to stage the three-year campaign to free himself from induction, which ended in his arrest along with that of Dr. Hutschnecker and several others, charged with being co-plotters. All pleaded innocent.

Meanwhile, the Baron had acquired another wife, Hildegard Lederer Guth, an Austrian-born nurse, who ministered to him while he was in Dr. Hutschnecker's care. As his nurse, she might have been called to take the stand at his trial, but as his wife the government evidently considered her of less value, and passed her by.

Recently, Gert is also said to have acquired a Connecticut estate, where he may at last get around to the extensive growing of apples.

SEERS AND SUCKERS

An EXPOSE of the
SPIRITUALISTIC RACKET
by JOSEPH DUNNINGER,
MASTER MENTALIST
and READER of
THOUGHTS

No. 1—
"They Peddle
the Dead"

WAR brings not only death and heartbreak in its train, but an army of stay-at-home harpies, scheming to cash in on the sorrows of bereaved relatives of our country's heroes. I refer specifically to the horde of fake spirit mediums who are now busy spreading all kinds of booby traps for the credulous.

These seance impostors have mushroomed after every conflict. Since this is the worst of all wars, they are naturally flourishing as never before, especially in Canada and England, where the toll of death in the war has so far been vastly heavier than in the United States.

Moreover, the fact that today these impostors are using the technique of science as an unwitting ally to exploit their victims makes them more formidable than in the past.

Today, throughout Britain, mediums are bringing in messages wholesale from the "living dead."

In Edinburgh, 3,000 eager customers packed a hall to receive the "spirit proofs" offered by Helen Hughes, called the "modern Joan of Arc," because she claims to "hear voices" of men who lost their lives in the service of their country.

Estelle Roberts, another medium professing to speak for the military, recently assembled the ghosts of four airmen, all of whom were downed in combat, and had them serve as spokesmen for those "on the other side."

Even more fantastic is a claim advanced by mediums that a service organization has been formed in spirit land under the guidance of a colonel who was killed in battle and who has allegedly turned into a prolific sender of messages in automatic writing.

Here are a few samples of these phony communications from the spirit world which have been fobbed off on relatives of deceased servicemen.

The name of a sailor, Arthur Heath, 25, who was dived-bombed in a British destroyer off Crete, was used to describe the sinking of his ship and to give "facts" about his friends and relatives. He was credited with speaking to his mother through the vocal chords of a medium.

Another British sailor, David White, 22, lost in a submarine, was also the purported author of a statement through a medium. Rhapsodizing on the delights of the spirit world, the medium quoted him as saying "I can do a better job here."

"In the Dark Seance Room, the Gleaming 'Ghost' of Katie King Shied Madly, But Before She Could Get Away I Grabbed Her; the Lights Went On and I Found Myself Embracing the Solidest Spirit You Ever Saw."

A famous Battle-of-Britain fighter pilot, "Cat's-Eye" Stevens, was named recently as the spirit speaker at a seance where his wife was present, with Lord Dowding of the Fighter Command. Through the medium, the dead pilot "stated" that his daughter was with him, and added: "I do not want you to look back, but always look forward to the time when we will all be together."

These are only samples of what is occurring daily in English seances, where cases of alleged spirit survivals have mounted so rapidly into the thousands.

Why do I denounce all this as propaganda?

Because it follows the same heartless pattern that peddlers of spirit frauds used after the first World War. Then, too, they began by appealing to the masses, later concentrating on fancier and more profitable phenomena for the few who could pay big prices or prove of value to the cause.

Messages from lost sons were the bait that brought brilliant men like Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle into the fold, along with scores of wealthy believers.

In all the cases of alleged communications that have come to my attention, the persons who "re-

ceived" the messages from lost heroes were not only relatives or close friends, but invariably had shown previous interest in spirit circles or knew someone who attended them.

I personally can prove that spirit aid is not necessary in revealing thoughts in the minds of an audience, because I give such demonstrations regularly for radio listeners and obtain my results entirely by natural means.

It has been my purpose through such demonstrations to disprove the absurd claims of mediums who say that spirits answer questions for them.

Some years before his death, Howard Thurston, the famous magician, gave me an ancient Egyptian statuette of Rameses II which was





"Spirit Photograph" Purporting to Show Katie King As She Was Re-materialized During World War I. Left—Wax Hands Used By Bogus Spiritualists. Above Right—A Medium's "Table-Lift."

He asked me to keep it as a possible proof of spirit communication.

"Let us make a solemn pact," declared Thurston, "that after my death, you will watch this statuette on every anniversary of that day. I shall endeavor to cooperate from the other side by causing the statue to break the glass and throw itself upon the floor."

To prove my sincerity, I have invited spirit mediums to sit with me in my quest, and on other occasions I have arranged seances where I have sought any sort of manifestation of Thurston's presence, from messages to a materialization, but always without result.

Harry Houdini made a similar pact with his wife, who for 15 years sought manifestations every Halloween, the anniversary of Houdini's death, but with no success.

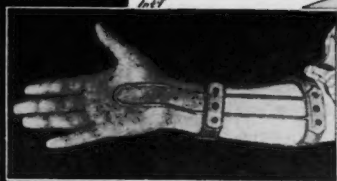
I have in my possession code messages given to me by Thomas Edison, Houdini and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, during their lifetimes, and I have offered \$10,000 to any medium who can duplicate any of those messages in the form of communications from the spirit world. The few feeble attempts that mediums have made to date have been 100 per cent wrong.

SOON seance swindlers will begin convincing bereaved suckers that they have pieces of the uniforms of dead servicemen. They will bring forth swatches of a certain novel type of cloth, untearable, as a spook's suit would be. But don't be fooled. It's a new plastic.

Plastic reflectors that bend light around corners, electro-magnetics, electronics, short-wave radio, and other important discoveries will all be used by the fakers. Some of these have already been so employed.

And what will science do to stop this?

Nothing, until the approach to the subject is altered. Not until scientists recognize that phony mediums have gone scientific, and that scientific methods must be worked out to checkmate them. I realized how brazenly scientific these quacks could seem when a few weeks ago I met the ghost of Katie King. Had I been gullible I might have bought a genuine spirit "photo" (\$5 a print) of Katie. Instead, I got Katie herself, and I caught



Dunninger, With Photo of the Late Howard Thurston and the Idol Thurston's Spirit Never Threw From the Frame.

her in a trap the medium didn't suspect. Katie King was a pirate's daughter, who in the '70s plopped out of spirit land into the lap of Sir William Crookes. Sir William was the first scientific investigator of psychic phenomena, and the fakers did their very best to take him in.

A young medium named Florrie Cook materialized Katie out of thin air and deposited her, clad only in a filmy white veil, in the baronet's lap. Naturally, Sir William was a trifle goggle-eyed.

With the approach of the present war, mediums began to resurrect alized cases of materialization, seeking to counteract had occurred during the years Katie King myth had been exploded, but it seemed a good stunt to bring her back and prove that Sir William Crookes had really seen a ghost back in the old days.

A series of special seances was held in a Canadian psychic laboratory, under what were defined as "test conditions."

Sponsored chiefly by believers, the Canadian seances involved a battery of fast lens cameras set to photograph the elusive Katie when she arrived. Finally materialized by a group of moaning mediums, the ghost stayed just long enough to announce itself as Katie King, but when the pictures were developed, they didn't tally with any of those of the original Katie.

Right after our country entered the war, a young man approached me and introduced himself as the manager of a medium who could materialize the authentic ghost of Katie King.

"Where will this materialization take place?" I asked.

"In the medium's usual seance room," said the dapper manager. "Of course, you may examine the premises and bring your own cameras."

I asked if I could bring a phonograph to record the voice of the famous Katie. The gentleman agreed, so the date was set, and I arrived with cameramen and my equipment.

In one corner of the seance room was a curtain; behind it stood a chair in which we strapped the portly medium.

On the floor was a rug, its long side toward the drawn curtain that acted as an improvised cabinet for the medium. At one end of the rug I set the cameras and the photographers, while the instrument, which I called a phonograph but which was actually something quite different, was placed at the other end.

Chairs were arranged on the far side of the



rug. I took a chair near the "phonograph" and looked over the regular customers. Among them I saw a slender girl, who had been placed well away from my chair, and who looked about the proper size to play the ghost.

The manager stepped to the center and extinguished the only light, which came from a dome-shaped chandelier. He suggested we sing some hymns to speed the materialization.

I expected the old-style materialization, a shine of luminous paint, growing in size as a dark dress was drawn off to reveal a chemically treated costume underneath. It came instantaneously, from the center of the rug.

Literally unfolding with a sweep of her arms, there stood the glowing and fully developed figure of Katie King, arrived so suddenly that she and her veil seemed to have dropped from space.

THE singing changed to startled shrieks. The flimsily clad beauty whirled toward the cameras and the flash bulbs exploded. Then the glowing figure danced toward the "phonograph."

What happened scared the daylight out of the friendly circle—and Katie also.

A horrendous shriek resounded through the room. Chairs and people tumbled about as the howl ran the gamut of the scale.

Shying madly away from what she thought must be a real ghost, the frantic Katie crashed into my chair, and before she could get away I grabbed her veil.

Someone turned on the wall lights and there stood Katie, trying to get back to the chair, where she had left the rest of her clothing. The thing I was holding was her fluffly slip; all she still had on was what women usually wear under a slip.

I tested the "veil" by carrying it beneath the dome-light that was supposed to be out. Instead, the dome contained a "black light" bulb, which cast invisible ultra-violet rays upon the rug.

The pretended veil had been treated with fluorescent paint, which glowed only while exposed to the ultra-violet rays and not while in ordinary darkness.

Thus, the girl who had been impersonating the ghost had become visible the moment she stepped into the invisible beam.

My supposed phonograph was actually a theremin, an ultra-modern electrical musical instrument, equipped with a short-wave coil and tubes. The theremin is played simply by advancing or withdrawing a hand or some other solid body before it.

A skilled musician literally plucks music from the air by gauging the range of a theremin and advancing or withdrawing his hand before the instrument.

But the girl in the seance had covered the short-wave area so rapidly that the device had howled out every note covering the full range from that of a sweet violin to a discordant cello.

In his next article, Mr. Dunninger will explain how he discovered the secret of Miss Ectoplasm, the little lady in the nude, and exposed a fake medium who produced a dissolving ghost.



The Late Sir William Crookes On Whose Lap Katie First Materialized Back in the '70s.



"I'VE PLAYED A DUAL ROLE this year," says Brooklyn War Bride, Beth Willey. "Bob, my Sergeant husband, and I both have had parts in a big Army show on Broadway. So I've been a housewife as well as an actress—with dusting, washing and marketing to do like everybody else. I really have to budget my time to get everything done. I can't afford to fritter away hours hunting new clothes that are expensive and hard to find. Bob says I do fine but oh, boy, I'm glad to have heard about twice the wear with Ivory Flakes care."

"My Stage Door Johnny still applauds my trousseau—I'm wise to

TWICE the Wear with Ivory Flakes care!"

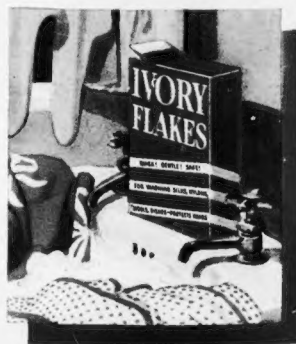


"DON'T TREAT THINGS ROUGHLY with the wrong kind of soap," begs Beth Willey. "Change to gentle care with pure, mild Ivory Flakes." Wash tests galore prove hard-to-replace dresses, sweaters, undies, housecoats give as much as twice the wear with Ivory Flakes care. The flake form of baby's mild Ivory can help protect all your favorite washables—curtains, stockings, linens, girdles.

"MAKE IVORY FLAKES LAST LONGER, TOO!" That's Beth Willey's cue to you. "Soaps use vital War Materials. We daren't waste a flake. So, measure Ivory Flakes in a cup or glass. Add carefully to lukewarm water. Even a little lathers up into heaps of color-protecting suds."

Wash tests prove the Ivory Flakes way

Helps keep 'pretties' bright and gay!



"Mrs. Svengali" No Mystery to Science

Although Plump Mrs. Smith Is Supposed to Have Enslaved the Girls Who Lived in Her Garage, the Victims Really Hypnotized Themselves, Dr. Laird, Psychologist, Explains



Virginia Evans, a Competent, Happy Business Girl—Until She Met Mrs. Smith.

By DONALD A. LAIRD, Ph.D., Sc.D. Internationally Known Psychologist and Lecturer

It might still be a secret if one of the girls had not applied for work in a war plant. When the FBI agents investigated some discrepancies in her application for employment they uncovered one of the most amazing stories of modern times.

The Federal men reported that they found that a middle-aged Tulsa, Okla., widow had two young women so completely under her power that they were virtually slaves to her, slaves in body, mind and pocketbook.

The girls, Virginia Evans and Willetta Horner, were proficient, well-paid business girls. Each earned around \$50 a week—and, according to the FBI men, turned all the money over to Mrs. Fay H. Smith.

The girls said the enchantress forced them to sleep in a basement garage, on beds improvised from orange crates. Their bed sheets, they said, had not been washed in two years. Mrs. Smith lived in luxury in a large modern brick mansion.

The girls wore one dress for a year—but Mrs. Smith had a large closet of expensive clothes—and more than 100 pairs of shoes.

Mrs. Smith's power over these girls was said to be so complete that when Willetta's mother died the girl refused to attend her own mother's funeral.

And Virginia later said she was influenced to write cruel letters to her own mother.

Although the two girls shared the same small basement garage, bathed in a laundry tub, and lived together, it was declared that Mrs. Smith so influenced them that each hated and distrusted the other.

The only thing they seemed to have in common was a submissive fear of the woman who seemed to hold them in her strange power.

While she queened it over the unfortunate business girls, they said



For Over Two Years, the Girls Say, They Lived in a Damp Garage, Slept on a Bed of Orange Crates...

Mrs. Smith pretended she was initiating them into a mysterious religious cult. The old clothes and damp bedroom with the dirty sheets were, she was quoted as telling them, necessary means to purify their spirits.

But an important part of this new religion, attributed to Mrs. Smith, was alleged to have been the cash value of the two girls. The FBI men said that not only did she take the girls' ample earnings each week, but she also mulcted the father of one of



The Girls Handed Over Each Pay Check.

them of a sum approximating \$17,000. Before Virginia and Willetta fell under the influence of their jailer-enchantress, they had been just regular small-town girls.

Each met Mrs. Smith separately, and accidentally. The widow with the mansion pretended to have a motherly interest in them. She took them into her own quarters, treating each as a favorite member of the family—at first.

Gradually the kindly treatment faded and she became the stern, demanding, cruel leader, the girls declared. Then they apparently had become her mental slaves.

They would not have been more completely in her power if she had made a few mesmerism passes in front of them and cast them into an outright hypnotic

spell. As a matter of fact, the control she seemed to have over their minds was essentially the same as hypnotism.

Dr. Sander Lorand, chief of the Mental Health Clinic of Mt. Sinai Hospital, in New York City, has shown that hypnotism is merely an exaggerated susceptibility which makes an individual yield to the authority of another.

Those persons who yield easily are usually the victims of some aggressive, dominating Svengali. Mrs. Smith was domineering, and she found two business girls who apparently yielded like putty in her hands.

Dr. Richard M. Erickson has recently published a study which shows that Adolf Hitler's power over the people of Germany is essentially that of a Svengali. Like Mrs. Smith in Tulsa, Hitler took his domination of others by easy stages, until he finally had broken down all appreciable resistance.

We see the same thing, on a smaller scale, in many families we know. There are the husbands, for example, who meekly let their wives boss them—and, of course, there are



Willetta Horner Said They Hated But Couldn't Break the Widow's Mental Dominance.

the wives who meekly stay home and scrimp while their husbands spend.

Essentially, this is precisely the same situation as the FBI uncovered in Mrs. Smith's household in Tulsa. Then there are some bosses who have their old employees completely under their thumbs. The employees are overworked and underpaid, but put up with it because, through the years, the boss has gradually weakened their resistance.

It is an interesting fact that domineering people seldom form friendships with other domineering people.

This is often seen in friendships between girls who work in offices, or who live together in rooming houses. The bossy one makes the other her virtual slave.

When they have double dates she picks the boy friend for the humble girl. She dresses well, but insists that the submissive girl always wear plainer clothes.

Many once-fine old homes are now inhabited by two elderly sisters. In

many of these instances, too, one old maid has the other under control. In most of these instances, thank fortune, the domineering member of the duo is not as cruel or completely selfish as Mrs. Smith is now accused of being.

Anyone away from home among strangers is especially likely to make the acquaintance of some domineering potential Svengali, who is unconsciously looking for a victim. It is a wise young man or young woman who refrains from forming a close friendship with a domineering person. Break off before any hypnotic-like condition has been given a chance to develop.

And if such a situation has developed, bear in mind that it came about just because you gave in. You have not been given any drug or mesmeric influences. You are simply being a mouse, not a man. Your submissiveness started it, and with aggressiveness you can easily break the slave chains.



... And Did Their Bathing in a Laundry Tub While Their Mental Jailer Enjoyed Their Earnings in Luxury.



Like an Artist at His Easel, the Arrogant Sultan of Style Would Lean Back in His Fashion Salon and Direct His Dressmakers in Draping Swatches of Material Into a New Creation.

Poiret the Magnificent Grasshopper

By LOWELL MORRILL
Former Paris Correspondent

NOT so long ago Paul Poiret, nicknamed "The Magnificent," the Paris fashion king who was responsible for bobbed hair and short skirts, was reduced to earning a few francs a night by reciting the fables of La Fontaine to guests at the famous Chalet Normand Restaurant in Paris.

There was one fable he was very careful to omit—the one about the improvident grasshopper that sang all summer without laying up any food for the winter.

It was a wise omission, because Paul Poiret was the personification of that grasshopper. When he was the world's richest dressmaker, dictating styles to women of every part of the globe, he lived like an Indian rajah. When he died the other day at the age of 64, he was penniless and forgotten.

The caliph of couturiers began his career as a vendor of umbrellas, but they kept the sun of prosperity from shining on him, so he began to study at the Beaux Arts, determined to become an artist.

After staining innumerable canvases and failing to gain the Prix de Rome, he quit the art school in disgust and by 1898, when he was 18, he was making designs for Doucet.

Here he helped make outstanding costumes for such famed professional beauties as Liane de Pougy, Carolina

Otero, as well as Gaby de Nerval. The first, he said, won notoriety because she used to chain up her admirers like dogs in her Montone villa; the second achieved fame as a



The Slave Girl the Fashion King Purchased in Morocco; and (Left) Regine, One of His Most Beautiful Models, Who Later Hired Him As Her Butler.

devouring siren who destroyed for destruction's sake; while the third gained glory by emptying champagne in top hats at Maxim's.

These ladies liked Poiret, but some did not. He almost lost his job because he did not bow low enough to the Princess Bariatsinski, who entered the place one day, walking with two canes and smoking a big, black cigar. When he showed her a kimono, the eccentric noblewoman scowled at him and snarled:

"When our serfs in Russia become troublesome, we cut off their heads and put them in bags like that."

After Poiret opened an emporium of his own in 1903, the Baroness

Henri de Rothschild borrowed some of his mannikins to give a show at her house, where she and her friends made fun of the dresses they wore.

The next time the Baroness appeared at Poiret's establishment he asked her to leave. The following day the Baron called and told him he had done quite right, and promised to send him a new customer, Gilda Darthy, the actress.

Fully ensconced now as a sultan of style, Poiret insulted his customers with an arrogant insolence that made them come back for more. He called Mistinguett a wrinkled old monkey, and said that Spinnely, another actress, was "fascinatingly ugly." Spinnely had hired him to decorate her apartment, but when he presented his bill she refused to pay it.

"Your taste is so terrible," she told him, "that my suitors are afraid to enter the place."

Staging pageants was Poiret's specialty. At his famous Butard pavilion in 1912, his 300 guests drank up 900 bottles of champagne.

That same year he went to the Quatz Arts Ball in the costume of King Nebuchadnezzar, with 100 scantily-clad girls drawing his chariot.

Even Nebuchadnezzar might have envied Poiret some of his swank. He hobnobbed with royalty, patronized nobility, and even conducted a court of his own.

This aura of Ori-

The Once Famous and Pampered, Luxury-loving Dictator of World Fashions Found Himself, in His Last Days, a Human Prototype of the Fabled, Improvident Insect

Poiret (Left) at His Peak. When Broke, He Cooked His Own Meals.



ental splendor was enhanced by a beautiful Arab slave girl whom he bought while on a visit in Morocco.

During his Morocco trip he spent much of his time with El Glaoui, the Pasha of Marrakech. Poiret's summer was long and balmy, but the winter was cold and dreary. Some blamed his decline on his divorce from Denise Poiret.

At any rate, his customers vanished, and so did his savoir-faire. Then, hatless, coatless and unbarbered, followed only by Fica, his police dog, he dodged creditors.

Finally, he was expelled from his quarters in the Faubourg St. Honore.

One of his ex-mannikins, Regine, who had become the owner of an elegant bar next to the Theatre Francaise, hired her former employer to decorate the barroom, pour drinks, rinse bottles and polish glassware.

He was on the dole as an "unemployed artist," but he tried all sorts of schemes to make money.

In 1940, when the Nazis entered the French capital, Poiret fled to Cannes and there, under the sponsorship of the Duchess de Guise, an old-time customer, he founded an "Academy of Elegance." It flopped.

And so the man who cut the ends off of women's dresses and hair, and who gave the world its first hobble skirt, skidded sorrowfully into oblivion. The last time his old friends saw him was at the 1943 exposition of Lucien Lelong's models. He seemed much more interested in the food than in the dresses.



Poiret's Establishment on the Champs-Elysees, Once the Fashion Center of the World.

BIRDS WE NOMINATE FOR EXTINCTION



THE SIP-AND-RUN BIRD

Always a crash in the morning. Streaks through a week's breakfast. At eleven he's half-man, half-out—half-asleep.

Got wise, Mr. Sip-And-Run! You've gone all night without food. So, listen to doctors and dietitians.

They say that *everybody*—and that means you—should get at least one quarter of his daily nourishment at breakfast! (You'll be wide-awake as a hawk, if you stoke up with Post Toasties!)



THE BUSY-BUSY BIRD

So busy feeding her young, she has time only to peck at her own breakfast. No wonder she's a "look-er-out!"

Ah now, Mrs. Busy-Busy. It takes no time at all to dive into a bowlful of ready-to-eat, honey-golden Post Toasties. And you'll chirp with energy!

For it's a "here-I-come-just-watch-my-speed" cereal!

Every lip-smacking bite crackles with whole-grain nourishment—one of the kinds Uncle Sam's Basic 7 Foods Program recommends!

Full-up with Vitamin B₁, too, for high-flyin' energy!



THE TWITTER-TWITTER BIRD

The birds in front of the mirror in the morning—preening feathers, polishing claws, etc. Haven't time for a good breakfast. At the office they're the "Twitter-Twitter" birds.

Look, Miss Twitter-Twitter, they'll call you the Up-And-At-'em Bird if you stoke

up with those golden Post Toasties!

Pour out a big bowlful of 'em, smother 'em with slices of luscious fruit, shower 'em with country-fresh milk. Gosh, what scrumptious eatin'!

Hev' Who wants to be a bird anyway!

LISTEN TO THOSE WHO KNOW!

Government authorities say: Most of us don't eat an adequate breakfast.

Doctors and dietitians say: All of us should get at least 1/4 of our daily nourishment at breakfast.

Nutritionists say: An adequate breakfast includes both fruit and a cereal with whole-grain nourishment.

We say: All General Foods cereals provide whole-grain nourishment.

GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES • GRAPE-NUTS • POST TOASTIES
GRAPE-NUTS WHEAT-MEAL • POST'S 40% BRAN FLAKES



Post Toasties

A GENERAL FOODS CEREAL

Eat a good breakfast—do a better job!

Only Ghosts Left

The Day After Blanc de Chandel's Extravagant Display of Jewels, La Belle Otero Swept Into the Casino Cafe. She Was Without a Single Gem, But Her Maid, Who Followed Her, Was Hung With Diamonds Such as the World Has Never Seen on One Woman.

The Frightened Nazis Have Closed the Casino, Inaugurated a Blackout and Eight o'Clock Curfew, and Turned the Famous Gambling Paradise Into a Ghost Town.



MONTE CARLO, Portugal, which proudly called itself "the pleasure capital of the universe," looks gay as a graveyard today. The spree of the last three years is ended. The Casino closed. Five thousand alien gamblers have been expelled from the Principality. The city no longer sounds its fanfare of follies, but a curfew at 8 P. M. Food is rationed, and the blackout makes this corner of the Cote d'Azur seem like the Stygian coast.

The gardens of the Casino are deserted and overgrown with weeds. Half-naked fishermen wash their nets on the esplanade.

Monte Carlo, spectacle of the world, how it has fallen! The guide book says it is on a rock, but perhaps it would be more truthful to say now that it is "on the rocks."

Until last month, it was a City of Enchantment, an oasis in the European desert. Night after night Black Market kings scattered millions of francs on the gaming tables.

Then, suddenly, the German High Command—the ablest architects of ruin that the world ever saw—cracked down on the Principality. It feared, it seems, the proximity of the Allied bases in Corsica, and hoped to save Nazi skins by making a fortress of Monaco.

The last night of Monte Carlo was not particularly brilliant. People played 10 and 20 franc notes. In the baccarat rooms, only 3,000 francs were risked and the game closed abruptly.

Since the Blanc Brothers built this House of

Cards, many curious people have been seen at the gaming tables, but few more curious, perhaps, than the American boulevardier, Jerry Wall, who was a part of the Monte Carlo landscape for a half century. He died there in 1940, at the age of 79.

This monogamous and mustached King of Dudes dressed as his fancy dictated, wearing "flower-pot" collars, cravats flamboyant as Beau Brummell's, camellias in the buttonhole of his frock coat, checked trousers, gaiters and pointed shoes.

Like Barbey d'Aurevilly, another noted dandy, Wall had a natural gift for eccentricity. When his wife, the former Miss Lornie Melbourne of Washington, died in 1936, he was overcome by sorrow. The following year he remembered the anniversary of her death by giving a luncheon to 30 friends at the Monte Carlo Casino, and serving them at dessert with cake, the facsimile of his wife's tomb!

The Baron von Paland was another bizarre figure of the resort. His hobbies were playing roulette, playing the flute, and playing the baton. He often rose into the knickerbocker night club on horseback, and once drove a flock of 300 sheep into the Hotel de Paris, and serving them loose in the bedrooms of the girls hired by the Casino.

Queen Victoria characterized Monte Carlo as a "hotbed of turbulence," but her remark did not serve to prevent many English notables from patronizing the Casino.

The Duke of Westminster, when complimented on his calmness at the baccarat tables, declared to a friend:

"My face may be calm, but I wish you could see my feet. Why, at every coup, I crisp my toes so tightly that a pair of socks lasts me only one

night. Why, they simply are torn to shreds!" Eleanor Duse, the tragedienne, was a known habitue of the Casino. One day she was so shocked at the suicide of a young man who sat at the table and hanged himself that the rest of her life she was haunted by the scene and was said to have had the "ghost" of the world.

Ten years ago Yvette Laurent reigned at Monte Carlo as queen of the demimonde. This was a most extraordinary case, for she was married to see her rivals as happy as she was. She introduced the party-stricken "Baby" Knudsen, who amassed much wealth, to a concession from the Ville de Paris to exploit the city's subway, and to drop 20,000,000 francs on the market with unconcern.

Like Alice Perillat, who was a fortune teller, she was a play, and who came to Monte Carlo after losing heavily at the roulette table. Yvette Laurent frittered away her fortune at roulette and, when she was killed herself.

Mme. Thuillier, popularly known as "the girl who lost 1,000,000 francs at Monte Carlo on the turn of a card—and lost. This was the greatest pleasure of her life. The next greatest, losing."

In Russia, she held the Czar in leash like a poodle. The Little Father gave her the Lenox Blue Diamond, that formerly belonged to Marie Antoinette, but a few years ago Primrose pawned it to discharge gambling debts. She was lucky as the Baroness de Vaughan—ex-apprentice and girl-friend of King Leopold—who sold her pearl necklace valued at 20,000,000 francs to pay roulette losses.

In her youth, Primrose was one of the proteges of Emilienne d'Alencon, a celebrated actress and demirep of 1900, who was lovely and much addicted to gaming. After Emilienne had adopted the girl, she let her become the companion of Jacques Hennessy, the actress' protector, who had fired of Emilienne. Primrose disliked the job and, in the Salle Prince at Monte Carlo, engaged in a scratching match with the comedienne.

KATHARINA SCIRATT, mistress and confidante of Emperor Franz Josef and son-in-law of the "uncrowned Empress of Austria," was the most reckless woman gambler at Monte Carlo in 1900.

This lively little woman, who began her career as an actress at the Burg Theatre, Vienna, and later lived as a favorite of Franz Josef in a yellow-painted villa close to the Schoenbrunn Castle, lost several fortunes at Monte Carlo. The Emperor always paid her debts.

Jenny Dolly, the dancer, gambled ceaselessly, sometimes 36 hours at a stretch in the Sporting Club, where she won and lost millions of francs.

It seemed as though her stream of money could never end. But it did. Her jewels were finally sold at auction in Paris by the Municipal Pawn

in Monte Carlo



Once the Pleasure Capital of the World, Playground of Fabulous International Characters, It Has Collapsed Like a House of Cards, Perhaps Never to Rise Again

She, for nonpayment of interest. Her chateau near Fontainebleau was sold, her gorgeous house in Paris was lost. In 1911, she was found dead in her Hollywood apartment, hanging from a noose.

Lady McCarthy and Lady Nicholson, both over 60, were habitués of Monte Carlo. Lady McCarthy always wanted her own way. "Call the Inspector," she demanded at the Sporting Club, and the employees produced him. "This croupier," said Lady McCarthy, waving her hand majestically, "has eaten garlic and he must go." But it was undoubtedly Lady Nicholson who made the strangest demands. Whenever she went to dine at either the Hotel de Paris or at the Beach Casino, she always used to telephone ahead: "Please, maître d'hôtel, make certain that the tablecloth and the napkins at my table are blue today. I'm wearing a blue gown."

Madame Fahmy Bey, a small, elegant woman with fair hair, spent her nights wandering like a ghost in the salons of the Sporting Club, usually preferring the baccarat room. Once a "gamine" of the streets in the slums of Paris, she was later known as Maggie Meller and met a rich Egyptian, Fahmy Bey, whom she married.

In one of London's smartest hotels one night, shots were heard in the suite of the Fahmy Beys. Servants found the Egyptian shot, his wife standing over him. She was arrested and brought to trial. Few there were who doubted that she would be hanged, but a special plea was made to the jury and she was acquitted.

Sir Basil Zaharoff, the armament king, backed the Monte Carlo Casino with his money. This "merchant of death" also spent money on many Luxembourgianes, including Albany Debreige, the actress and model, whose matchless figure is preserved in two statues in the Luxembourg Gallery. Mile. Contini, who started life on the streets, later assumed the title of Princess, and ran a much talked about gaming house in the Etoile district, and Donna Maria Lazatti.

THE last mentioned was a Venetian courtesan who in 1900 died with La Belle Otero in vampire Parisian boulevardiers. Then she was lovely and called then La Barucci, another Italian, noted in the salons of Paris. But with the lapse of years, she faded and lost her sceptre, and today she is as faded as the painted beauties by Giorgione in the Louvre at Genoa.

Monte Carlo's main for games of chance is a rush that during the last few years has been almost entirely the charity of Sir Basil Zaharoff, the armament-maker died, he bequeathed his aged sweetheart, and Donna Lazatti, besieged by a multitude of suitors,



Yvette Laurent Often Bet a Fortune on One Spin of the Wheel.

Diane de Chandel, one of the great beauties of her day, made a striking impression at Monte Carlo when she appeared almost covered with diamonds. But the sensation didn't last long.

Her principal rival in the demi-monde was La Belle Otero, the Spanish dancer, who had conquered Europe and America with her wild dances and her remarkable private life, which was spotted with affairs from reigning kings to bootblacks.

Otero's black eyes flashed when she saw the stir Diane had made.

The next day she appeared in the Casino without a jewel and in a frock which showed she had little or nothing underneath. But she was followed by her maid, who was hung with a collection of

"The End of a Gambler's Dream," by the Noted Artist Andre Gailard, Who Was Once Run Out of Monte Carlo for His Gruesome Drawings on the Evils of Gambling.

diamonds, such as the world has probably never seen on one woman.

Otero lost millions at Monte Carlo. Foolhardiness characterized her playing. She hazarded all on the dancing ball, believing Fortune favors the bold. Otero, who had bewitched crowned heads and dwelt in luxury, lost almost everything.

In her Memoires, Otero confesses that she is powerless to master this passion of play, and says that if she were dispossessed of everything, she would probably imitate the hair-brained Duc de Courson-Launay, who once bet and lost every hair on his body and in consequence was unable to move a step for a fortnight.

Because she drove so many admirers to despair and death, Otero was known as the courtesan ringed round with catastrophes.

In enumerating some of the picturesque personages seen at Monte Carlo in the past, mention must be made of the Aga Khan, a man-god worshipped by about 80,000,000 Moslems and worth \$300,000,000. This demigod, who claims to be the 43rd descendant of the Prophet, was prone to reveal himself in temples of play. At Deauville, Nice or Monte Carlo, one might see him most of the year with a bevy of pretty "mascottes."

"The Aga was such a reckless gambler," declared Jane Carron, his divorced wife, "that I am sure he would have staked me and all my jewels at play, like the Mahabharata hero, King Yudhishtira, who gambled away his wife and possessions on a throw of the dice."

Although the Koran prohibits gambling, the Aga considers that he is a law unto himself, and spends much time and gold on games of hazard



The "Cercle Prive," Or Private Clubroom in the Monte Carlo Casino, Where in Those Golden Days of the Gamblers the Stakes Were High, Has Been Shattered for the Duration, Perhaps Forever.



Serve Delicious **TREET** in These Cool Summer Meals

TREET is all meat . . . ready for the table . . .
rich in B Vitamins . . . rich in fine flavor!



Recipe

Summer is a-coming in . . . and here are two swell summertime Treet meals for your family's enjoyment!

Treet and Egg Salad Sandwiches

1 can Armour's Treet	1 tsp. minced green onion
Egg Salad:	3/4 cup salad dressing
2 hard-boiled Eggs,	1 tsp. vinegar
1/2 cup milk	1 tsp. salt
1/2 cup celery	1/2 tsp. pepper
1/2 cup pickled green	1/2 tsp. Worcestershire
1 tsp. oil	Sauce (if desired)
	1 slice each bread

Hard-boil eggs, then cool, peel and chop. Mix remaining salad ingredients and chop. Cut Treet into 12 very thin slices. Spread Treet on 1 slice of bread, a layer of egg salad on the second slice. Sandwich open or closed with lettuce, radishes, pickles or

Treet is a perfect luncheon dish, and makes a fine picnic basket.

Recipe

And this one is so festive, you'll want to serve it for dinner!

Treet and Jellied Peach Mold

1 can Armour's Treet	1 package lemon gelatin dessert
4 whole pickled peaches	Water (less)
1 cup peach juice	

Jelly the whole pickled peaches (or any other available fruit) in sparkling lemon gelatin. Dissolve gelatin dessert in 1 cup boiling water, add 1 cup peach juice and pour into individual molds around the fruit. Chill until firm. Serve on a platter with chilled Treet slices, and garnish with watercress.



Treet is made of tender, juicy pork shoulder meat. It's vacuum-cooked in its own rich juices . . . ready-to-serve right from the tin. Baked, fried, or simply sliced cold, Treet gives new, fine flavor to lots of meals.

What's more, this delicious meat is an excellent source of the important B vitamins.

There's no bone or waste in Treet, so you get all meat; enough for 4 in every tin. Your dealer has Treet now. Ask for it.

Buy U. S. War Bonds and Stamps

Armour and Company

For finest quality and flavor, ask for
Star Canned Meats, Star Ham and Bacon, Star Beef, Veal and Lamb, Star Sausages,
Cloverbloom Poultry and Dairy Products

Colonel Stoopnagle's Answer to Gas Rationing: His "No-Gas-Mobile" Has Bigger Wheels in Back So That It Always Goes Downhill.



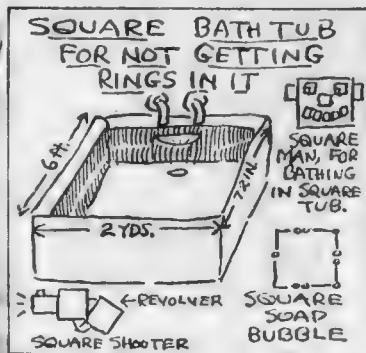
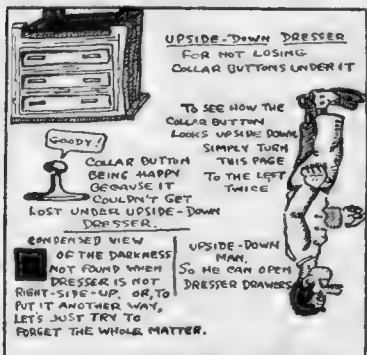
Gosh! Stoopnagle's Done It!

WHO is Colonel Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle? He may be the well-known inventor, F. Chase Taylor, or he may be somebody else. Do you know? Does he know? Explanations for he has recently tried to clear up his identity in an hilarious outburst which he calls "You Wouldn't Know Me From A Go."

The book has just been published by Whittlesey House, a division of the McGraw-Hill Book Co., New York, and why it was written is explained in a preface by Fred Allen. He says: "Colonel Stoopnagle wrote his first book to solve a problem. Last Christmas, a friend gave the Colonel a set of book ends. The Colonel had no book." So he wrote one.

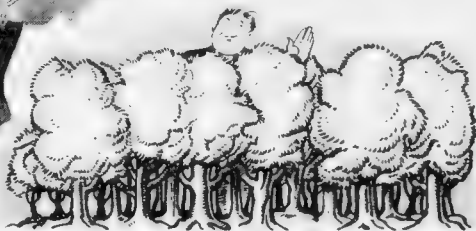
Like the Colonel solves such problems so easily and with such wit may be equally profitable for the reader to study his inventions, so copiously explained on this page. The inventions seem to confirm the Colonel's title, "Edison of the Nut House."

The Goofy Colonel Went Into a Daze for Days and Came Out of It, Just as Dizzy, With These Inevitable, Immaterial, Irrelevant Inventions



A Lint Suit for Not Getting Blue Serge on It. Manufactured Naturally at F-Lint, Michigan. Each Year, Explains the Colonel, the Factory Closes Down for the 40 Days Before Easter. You See, He Says, We Can't Use Serge Any More—We Have to Give It Up for Lint.

Stoopnagle's Patented Shoes Have the Heels in Front, So You Stub Your Toes Only When Walking Backward, Which the Colonel Admits He Seldom. Also Note the Lack of Laces in the Shoes. Shoes Like These Hurt, and When You Want to Take 'Em Off, You Don't Want Laces in the Way, Do You?



Daisy With Only the "She-Loves-Me" Petals—A Morale Builder. Since She Always Loves You, The Colonel Admits He Doesn't Know How to Grow Them.





Ready to Begin Her Reno Education, the New-comer Establishes Residence Under the Eyes of the Howlingest Wolves in Town.

Out of This World—in Reno

By INEZ ROBB
CHAPTER VII

"EVERYONE wants to raise hell once. When women go off the reservation here, it's like freshmen raising hell in college. Nine times out of ten, it's the first time that a woman has ever been away from her home or from the authority and discipline imposed by a home, whether parental or marital.

"No one knows 'em in Reno, home's a thousand miles away. So they kick up their heels. They may never have another chance. Anything goes when they hit town. They make fools of themselves, sometimes in six weeks they even manage to ruin their lives. But who cares?"

This is a wry diagnosis of the goings-on of the women who are Reno's problem children while in residence here. But it is also the distilled wisdom of one of Reno's most experienced and fallow attorneys.

No matter what their age, or their social and financial background, these are the women who drink too much, gamble more than they can afford, and who pick up any man in sight. A handful are out for a defiant, angry fling because, after years of faithfulness, they have been asked to divorce. Others who wish to remarry, or because they have finally caught up with their spouses' cheating.

"If women were only taught that it's all right to cheat a little, we Reno lawyers would have a lot less work!" this same attorney continues.

Then there is the largest percentage of women who come to Reno for a divorce and a bang between marriages.

"It's a funny thing," my friend added, "but I've seen hundreds of what you and I would call technically 'nice' women come out here for a divorce in order to marry some other man to whom they're already engaged back home.

"But in a week or ten days they'll pick up with some local saloon bum and become involved here. And it never occurs to them that they're cheating on the husbands they haven't divorced yet," continued this man who, like every other lawyer in town, is the father confessor of his talkative clients.

"The only thing that worries them in the least is that they're cheating on their fiancés. Women do have the most curious ethical concepts."

From the purely feminine point of view, it occurred to me that it could be pointed out in rebuttal that some men have equally odd ethical concepts. Particularly the man from Hollywood whose experiences this attorney had just told me.



"He was really deeply in love with his wife, but he was the lowliest welf in Hollywood. He was never faithful to her in any given 18 hours on the canyon."

"But when she came to Reno and sued for divorce, he came up here and in my office begged her on his knees not to leave him. He fought the divorce tooth and nail. When he came up from Hollywood, he'd sit in my office and cry like a baby, and they weren't crocodile tears either."

"Then he came back to me and said, 'I'll go back to Hollywood and live with my wife and be faithful to her for the rest of my life.'"

THAT'S about the worst protest I've ever seen when a woman divorces and goes back to her husband. These are the guys who say that their reputation is not only wrecked, but they can't live in Reno and the reason they can't live here is that they have! So much experience in running wild elsewhere.

It was premonitory that they should make a hash of matrimony, just as they have made hash of their lives.

These are the dangerous ones, just as the angry, defiant one-fling women are the pitiful ones, and the fling-between-marriages venches are the contemptible ones.

It is not at all unusual for the first category to be accompanied to Reno by a heartbroken parent who tries to ride herd on his offspring.

But too often they come out accompanied only by a checking account, and then the trouble begins, as it did with an eastern heiress who took her brandy neat and her fun where she found it. At 3 o'clock one morning, while she was entertaining one of the town's more repugnant rounders in her hotel suite, her husband called from their Long Island home to report that their little boy had just

**Freed, Often for the First Time, From
porary Renoite May Proceed to Kick Up
All of the Places Especially**

been taken to a hospital for a fractured skull. Tootsie was not too coherent to remember the incident too well. So she tossed the phone even to her husband, explaining to her husband that it was Mr. X, her Reno attorney. Now poor Mr. X was the most mousy, hen-pecked member of the Reno bar. But there was no way for the attorney to know this. All the husband knew was that a lawyer in consultation with his wife had just sent a bail of a note, even if legal.

The rounder was equally angry. Even a cash-crad, in Reno, has his code.

"That was a lousy thing to do," he snarled, as he hung up the phone after a painful argument with a lawyer.

Tootsie laughed, and then the battle was on. In the ensuing melee, she flung the rounder's novelties out the hotel window. They landed to the marquee, where a blasé management finally retrieved them.

IN the meantime, the rounder, furious at loss of his habiliments, knocked our heroine to cold it was necessary to send her to a hospital.

This would seem enough farce and action for one night. And it was. Came the dawn, and the curtain rolled up on Act II, all tragedy.

In the action-filled hours in Reno, the husband



When an Inelastic Budget Failed to Cover the Expenses of Her Cure—and the Cost of a Fine Desk—Many a No-Longer-Gay Divorcee, Now Definitely On Her Own, Faces the Problem of Getting Home With a Waning Faith in Human Nature.

them, the outlander's hair does a hand-stand, the eyebrows gyrate like an elevator in the hands of a war-time operator and the mouth definitely gapes.

The town is hardened to such performances. It is not even surprised when the hook and ladder division of its fire department is called out, as it

was on one occasion, to rescue a lightly clad gentleman from a tall tree into which he had fortuitously jumped from a local hotel window. Most smoking-car stories either originate or come true in this city of Reno.

Well, some of the girls ask for it. But to the majority, Reno is their first encounter with a wide open town. What to do with it is certainly up to them.

When the average divorcee steps from the train into Reno, she is entering a town the like of which she has never seen before and is not apt to see again. As she stands in front of the station on dubious Commercial Row, there lies before her one of the most amazing sights in America: Two acres of gambling houses that never close, saloons that are always open, cabarets both gawdy and bawdy, and night clubs populated with girls, ostensibly waiting on table, entertaining or drinking with men customers.

If she has arrived by the night train, the divorcee is confronted by two acres of the gaudiest neon lights and signs in the nation. "The Biggest Little City in the World" compresses in two acres enough neons to earn the title of "The Biggest Little Broadway in America." Harold's Club, the Palace and The Bank, three of the town's super gambling joints, tell the world in neons ten feet high. As our divorcee stands on the sidewalk, trying to hail a cab, the spots before her eyes are all neon and read "Fingo." It's a Reno rash.

FINALLY, when no cab appears, someone directs her to the cab stand across the street. Like myself, the divorcee is bound to think she's in the wrong place when she pushes her way through the door into a typical old-fashioned saloon.

But she has made no mistake. Her Reno education is just beginning. The taxi company has merely taken office space in the saloon. The desk and the manager are behind that bank of slot machines on the left as you enter.

If the gal sticks to the two acres of neons, its saloons, its roulette wheels and its predatory wolves during her six weeks here, she sees a town shoddy by day and tawdry by night.

But if she looks at the rest of this

small city of less than 25,000 population, she sees a beautiful community. For Reno is blessed with great scenic beauty and one of the most attractive natural locations in America.

The town, perched at an elevation of 4,500 feet, is still at the very feet of the towering, jagged Sierra Nevada mountains whose peaks lift themselves into a sky almost eternally blue and sunny.

Through the center of Reno races the swift Truckee River on its way from lovely Lake Tahoe where it has its source, to Lake Pyramid, that amazing, fascinating desert lake.

On a high, abrupt bluff, like a minor Palisades, on the south bank of the Truckee are big, handsome homes. Spread out south of the bluff are substantial residential districts whose occupants scornfully swear they never go near the neon glare except when inflicted with a visiting fireman like myself or a divorcee with a letter of introduction.

ON THE other side of town is the University of Nevada, perched on its own hills and boasting its own crystalline lake. Divorcees are not encouraged to enroll at the university, although many do.

And at the back door of Reno lie two of the wonders of the world: the enchanting Washoe Valley where the excellent dude ranches thrive, and the ghost mining town of Virginia City.

The divorcee who comes here has her choice: She can spend her time drinking and gambling and ogling in the two neon-encrusted acres; or she can live quietly in Reno, working at the Red Cross or serving in the local hospitals as a nurse's aid.

Or she can discover the simple joys of the Great Open Spaces on a dude ranch. But those joys, if they are to remain simple, do not include ogling the wrangler. Cowboys are pizen to divorcees—but that is another story.

Next week, Miss Robb will tell how many women seeking a Reno divorce fall victims of cowboy natives who mulct them of their money and then kick them out.



The Thousands of Slot Machines of Reno's Never-Closed Gambling Establishments Find Plenty of Persons—Rich, Poor and In-Between—All Wearing the Jack-Pot Luck and Eager to Cater to Their Voracious Appetites.

All Responsibilities and Restraints, the Temptation As Much As She Pleases; in Any or Any Prepared for Her Amusement.

back on Long Island had been doing some heavy thinking. By 10 a. m. Reno time he was fit to be tied over the curio's hours and places for consultation obviously preferred by his wife's supposed Reno attorney.

He decided to call up the So-and-So, innocent as a new born babe, and demand an explanation. He called the lawyer's home. But unfortunately, he got hold of the poor guy's wife. Nothing daunted, the semi-injured husband told his version of the goings-on to the wife, who had hysterics and screamed "I knew it! I knew it!"

Her worst suspicions had been confirmed. The night before the timid lawyer, for the first time in ten years, had finally wangled permission from his wife to attend a lodge initiation at Carson City, 25 miles away. But try to tell the little woman that when he hadn't gotten home till dawn! Yeah! Just try. He did, and what it got him should happen to Hitler.

This is just one of the plots Boccaccio could pick up for the asking in Reno. The only really pitiful character in the whole episode is the poor lawyer. Everyone feels sorry for him—but they can't help sniggering when his name is mentioned.

As a purple tale, this is one of Reno's minor items. When the citizens really dish the dirt, which is all matter-of-fact, commonplace stuff to

Agony Column's Voice of Vengeance Silent at Last

EDINBURGH.
"In loving memory of our dear son, Windsor Dudley Cecil Hambrough, found murdered at Ardlamont, Argyllshire, on this day in his twenty-first year.
"Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord."

Exactly a half century that unique entry appeared in the personal columns of leading Scottish newspapers, at ways on the same date once a year—August 10. It was a grim reminder of tragedy: the death of Lieut. Hambrough, found dead from a gunshot wound in 1893.

For 49 years, the weird advertisement haunted the Mysterious Slayer of the Scottish Millionaire.

Shortly after the death of Hambrough, Alfred Monson was put on trial on a charge of murder.

The jury returned a verdict of "not proven," based on a provision in the law under which a prisoner is released when the Crown has failed to prove its case. It meant that the defendant was neither guilty nor not guilty.

The reason Monson was set free was largely because of the dramatic eloquence of his barrister during final argument in the High Court of Justiciary. He called the Bible to Monson's defense when he told the jury:

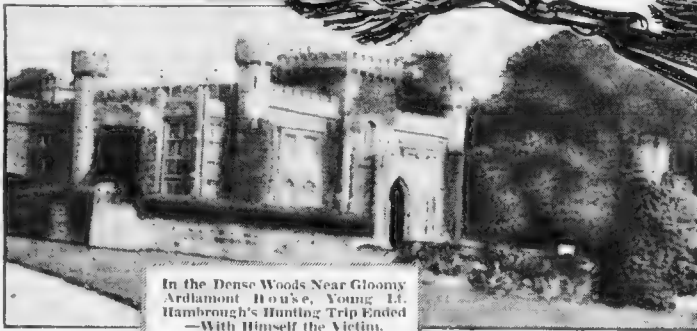
"Remember! Your verdict is irrevocable. What would any of you think if some day this mystery should be unraveled, demonstrating that your verdict had sent an innocent man to the gallows?"

"Be assured that if my client is guilty he will not go unpunished. There is One in Whose Hands he is Who is infallible...for it is written, 'Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord.'"

On the next anniversary of Hambrough's death, the curious entry calling for vengeance made its first appearance in the "Agony Columns."

Hambrough was from the Isle of Wight. He elected to make solitery his career until he came into a fortune of nearly \$1,250,000 and, to pursue the Sandhurst, the British equivalent of West Point, he sought out a tutor. He met Monson, who was known in military circles as a coach.

After obtaining his commission, Hambrough saw Monson again. Monson, who had a pretty wife but a small purse, suggested that he and Hambrough rent Ardlamont, an old estate with a fine house and vast woods near Loch Fyne.



In the Dense Woods Near Gloomy Ardlamont House, Young Lt. Hambrough's Hunting Trip Ended—With Himself the Victim.

Hambrough agreed and the Monsons and Edward Scott, a friend of Monson's, went up with him.

Ardlamont was rated a \$400,000 property and it had all the conveniences for a good time in the out-of-doors. There even was talk of buying the place.

They hadn't been there long when Monson took out a \$50,000 insurance policy on the life of Hambrough, naming Mrs. Monson as beneficiary.

"Don't tell her," he cautioned Hambrough. "My wife is like a child in such matters. This insurance is just in case we buy the estate. Mutual protection, you know."

Soon after the incident of the insurance, Monson and Hambrough went fishing by moonlight. They were in a hatched boat, about the middle of the loch, when the craft sprang a leak. Water gushed in as a plug in the bottom popped out. Both Monson and Hambrough went overboard.

Monson got to

shore handily. But Hambrough, being a poor swimmer, became exhausted and all but drowned.

By the next day, Hambrough was recovered from his chilling experience and he, Monson and Scott set off in the woods to hunt. Three went. Only two returned. Hambrough was found on a log, dead with a gunshot wound behind an ear.

Monson's story was that Hambrough became separated from him and Scott during the hunt. Apparently, Monson said, Hambrough stumbled over a growth of bracken and his gun was accidentally discharged.

Then people began to talk. The sub-

ject of their conversation was Monson.

Three weeks after the fatal shooting Monson was arrested. About the same time, the company which had issued the insurance on Hambrough's life became suspicious. Having refused payment on Monson's demand, the company asked for explanation of Hambrough's body.

By the time of the trial the Crown had amassed much evidence. Detectives testified they had examined the ground where Hambrough was found and that there was no indication he had stumbled.

Sir Henry Littlejohn, great criminologist, said he had found tattoos, a medical term for marks around a gunshot wound, in the flesh behind Hambrough's ear. They could result, he testified, only when a bullet was fired at low range.

The Crown introduced a dramatic bit of evidence. It was the rowan tree under which Hambrough was found dead. In it were pellets of the same calibre which killed him.

Monson called an expert from Aberdeen to testify for him. He was Matthew Layman and he said it was possible the shot might have been fired at close range. Scott never showed up, couldn't be located.

The real defense came when Monson's barrister made his appeal to the jury, basing his thesis on the Bible.

It won Monson his freedom, but not his peace of mind. He had an annual reminder through the newspaper ads, which Hambrough's parents paid for until their death. In a will they directed that the ads continue until Monson's death. Nobody knows whether Monson is still alive. But the ads have stopped, and the assumption is that the Biblical promise has been kept.



This Strange Triangle Held the Key to the Murder: Alfred Monson (Left), Accused, But Later Freed; His Wife, Who Benefited by the Insurance of the Murdered Student (Right).

*Here Comes Quaker
with a Bang Bang!*

RICE SHOT FROM GUNS

IS BREAKFAST GRAIN IN ITS MOST DELICIOUS FORM!



America Now Eats 10,000,000 More Servings a Month of this "Basic 7" Breakfast Food!

SERVE THESE GLORIFIED GRAINS to put a sparkle in your family's wartime breakfasts, Mother! Yes, these king-size kernels are loved by all. For they're **SHOT FROM GUNS** to make 'em crisp as the crackle of a campfire. And tasty as nuts in November. So good to eat, folks now eat 10,000,000 more servings a month than a year ago!

A "BASIC 7" FOOD! Yes, Quaker Puffed Rice Sparkies are restored with Iron and Two Vitamins (Vitamin B₁ and Niacin) in amounts present in the natural grain. And cereal so restored is among the 7 Basic Foods recommended by U. S. Nutrition Food Rules to help keep up strength and morale.

ALL READY TO SERVE with milk and some fruit! See how the whole family perks up to this sturdy breakfast! Mighty tasty any time of the day.



QUAKER PUFFED RICE SPARKIES
PUFFED WHEAT SPARKIES

SCALP ODOR— *Not you?*



You might have scalp odor—*but know it!* So why risk it? Your hairbrush knows the truth. Check it tonight.

Your scalp perspires, you see, and your skin clothes—adultery is particularly very quick to detect unpleasant odors.

In the same safe side, use Parker's Pine Tar Shampoo. It washes odors with hair and scalp. It's been used in the clinic, in medicinal pine tar. The debate pine scent doesn't work—then disappears.

Start using Parker's tonight. Parker's Pine Tar Shampoo is available in all drug stores, department stores and beauty shops.



HANDKERCHIEF TEST



PROVES VITAL ZONE SPOTLESS AND FREE FROM "GOO"—no matter how often you smoke it!

HESSON GUARD MILANO

War Bonds Pave Road to Victory

Dog Talk

He is a trained dog, and he is a trained dog. If he is a trained dog, he is a trained dog. In a recent issue of the "Paw Print" magazine, a dog named "Buddy" is reported to have half-chained the "Paw Print" magazine. "Buddy" is reported to have half-chained the "Paw Print" magazine. "Buddy" is reported to have half-chained the "Paw Print" magazine.

The Englishman, like many others, believes that the possibilities of training dogs is almost limitless. Some people, for example, have actually been taught to talk.

Mrs. Hilda Lenhart, formerly of Buena, N. J., succeeded in getting her dog, Brownie, to speak complete sentences. In a series of remarkable demonstrations before scientists and dog fanciers a few years ago, Brownie showed that he had a vocabulary of 20 words.

Will Judy, one of America's leading authorities on dogs, believes that if canines, in general, could be taught to speak, their reasoning ability would greatly increase.

They Go Abroad For Lunch

In the city of Detroit, Michigan, there are a lot of other workers who go abroad every day just to have lunch. Because of the crowded restaurant in their own city, they find it more practical to pile into a bus and make the seven-minute trip across to Windsor, Canada.

Secretaries and stenographers have discovered that it takes less time to travel than to eat in Detroit.

Although the hungry travelers have to pass both the American and Canadian customs officials, they experience little difficulty as the guards now know them.

Next Week

CRIMES of the Anarchist Bandits

Thirty strong, they raided, robbed and murdered, until France's famous Surete dynamited some to death while the guillotine got the rest. Read this spectacular true crime story in the...

June 25 Issue of
THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

Fewer Civilian Doctors and Nurses! Greater need for Home Health Protection ...More need for **CLOROX** **CLEANLINESS!**



WHY TAKE CHANCES!

"When it's CLOROX-CLEAN it's hygienically clean!"

THOUSANDS of doctors and nurses have joined the nation's armed forces... thus placing a greater responsibility than ever on housewives in helping to protect the health of America.

Health authorities recommend sanitary home cleansing, such as provided by Clorox, as a health protective measure. In routine cleansing of kitchen, bathroom and other household "danger zones" Clorox disinfects with intensified efficiency... deodorizes, removes stains, too. In laundering, Clorox gently bleaches white cottons and

linens snowy-white (brightens fast colors), makes them fresh-smelling, sanitary... lessens rubbing, conserving fabrics. For increased family health protection, and for whiter, brighter washes, use

Clorox regularly as directed on the label. Clorox is pure, safe, dependable... concentrated for economy. Clorox is ultra-refined, free from caustic—an exclusive, patented quality-feature. There is only one Clorox... always ask for it by name.

AMERICA'S FAVORITE BLEACH AND HOUSEHOLD DISINFECTANT

CLOROX
FREE FROM CAUSTIC

Disinfects
DEODORIZES BLEACHES
REMOVES STAINS



LONGER WEARING Beauty for Your Floors

Self-Polishing Simoniz Needs No
Rubbing... Shines as it Dries

Get amazing new Self Polishing Simoniz for Floors! It gives the same long lasting wear-resisting beauty which makes Simoniz so famous for automobiles. Yes, and it's so simple to use. Just spread Self Polishing Simoniz on your floors with a cloth or applicator. That's all there is to it. In twenty minutes your floors sparkle with immaculate brightness. And it's no task to keep them clean. A damp cloth wipes up the dirt in a jiffy and your floors are as beautiful as ever. So make it easy for yourself. Start using Self Polishing Simoniz right away!

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY, 2110 INDIANA AVE., CHICAGO 16, ILLINOIS



Now sold by grocers. Also by hardware, department, paint, drug, auto accessories stores, service stations and garages.

Arty Pictures—with a \$2 Camera



Bruno of Hollywood Demonstrates the Technique of Taking Inexpensive Pin-up Girl Photographs with an Ordinary Camera.



The Two Outdoor "Studies" and the Pretty "Studio Portrait" at the Left Were Made on Half a Roll of Regular Film, Cost Almost Nothing and Are the Result of a Few Simple Rules.

MANY an amateur photographer looks with envy at the arty glamorous pictures that come from the busy studios of artists whose difficult and pleasant job it is to make the faces and figures

of the beautiful stars of the film firmament.

Much of this envy is focused on pictures bearing the signature "Bruno of Hollywood." That would be J. Anthony Bruno, the skilful user of a small fortune

in the best of portrait cameras, lighting apparatus and "props."

Mr. Bruno is as modest as he is famous. He never surrounds his professional activities with mystery and high-sounding mumbo-jumbo. He is the friend of all picture-takers and is frank to say that some of the best photographs come

out of the least expensive cameras.

His hobby, believe it or not, is making artistic pictures with an ordinary \$2 box camera—and telling others how to do the trick. He made all the pictures shown on this page with such a camera and a few props.

"For indoor pictures,"

says Mr. Bruno, "use a couple of inexpensive photo-flood bulbs put in ordinary bridge lamps. Pose your subject naturally, put it in sharp focus, hold the camera perfectly still—and snap! Use one light to bring the subject into sharp relief and another to illuminate the background."

The rules for good outdoor pictures are even simpler. "Get your subject in full sunlight," says the Hollywood master of the lens, "and keep your back to the sun. Center object, or objects, of your snapping in the finder so that the composition is pleasing to the eye. Then hold the camera absolutely still and click the shutter."

Arty pictures, says helpful Mr. Bruno, are not the private property of well-known professionals like himself. Anyone can take them.

"Want to be a girl with

Date Appeal?

This Beauty Care really makes skin lovelier

RITA HAYWORTH

Star of Columbia Pictures' "COVER GIRL"

You want the loveliness that wins romance! Screen stars know men always respond to the charm of skin that's smooth, adorable. Give your skin gentle Lux Toilet Soap care!

FIGHT WASTE

It's patriotic to help save soap. Use only what you need. Don't let your cake of Lux Toilet Soap stand in water. After using, place it in a dry soap dish. Moisten last sliver and press against new cake.

I NEVER NEGLECT MY ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS WITH LUX TOILET SOAP. THEY'RE A WONDERFUL BEAUTY AID!



Lux Toilet Soap L-A-S-T-S...It's hard-milled! 9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it

June 18, 1944

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY 21

MERMAIDS 1944



New This Summer Are Matching Swim Suits and Parasols. This Bright Costume Is Printed Pique, Sun and Water-fast, Made With Halter Neck. At Right, Swim and Sun Suit of White Pique, Halter Tie Neck, and a Rose on Skirt and Shoulder Worn by Dorothy Morris, Movie Starlet.

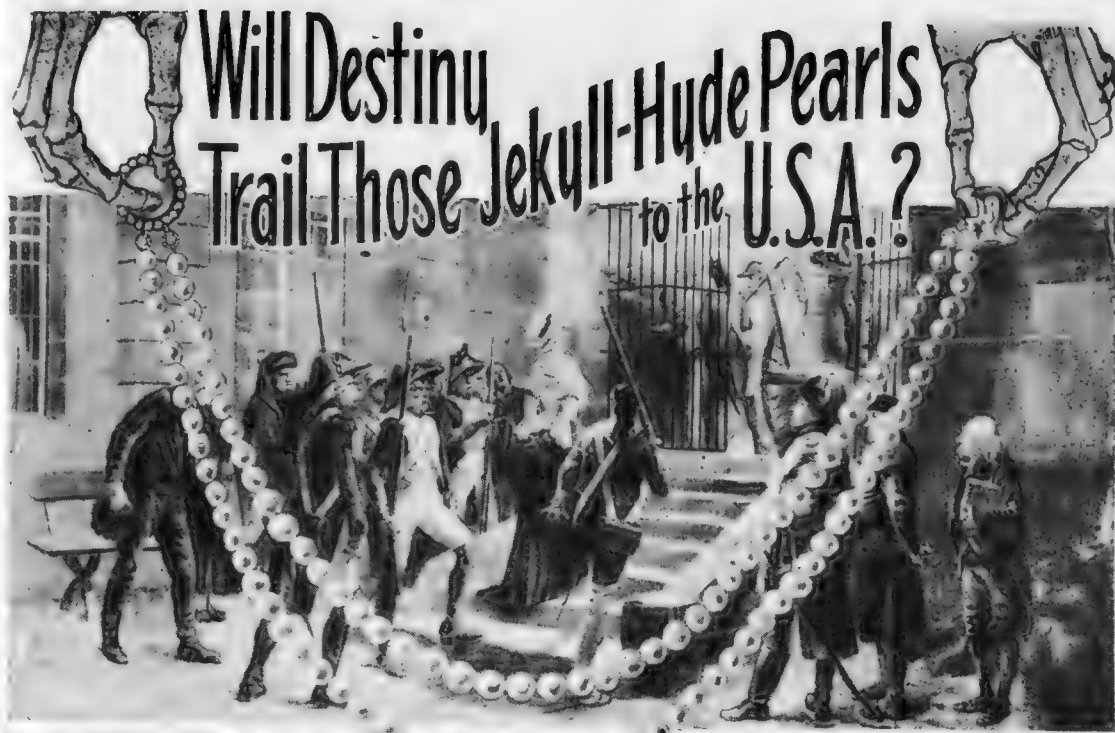


Evelyn Keyes, Moving Picture Star, Wears a Two-Piece Brilliant Red and White Swim Suit. The Bra-Top Ties Snugly With a Halter Bow.



Color Contrast Highlights the Beach This Summer With Jinx Falkenburg in Her Favorite One-Piece Suit, Big Bath Towel and Oscar the Fish.

Will Destiny Trail Those Jekyll-Hyde Pearls to the U.S.A.?



By LAURENCE SANTREY

TWO of the most valuable and historic pearl necklaces in the world in recent months have gravitated from Paris to New York.

Both, along with their owners, are refugees from the Nazi storm in Europe.

The first is the property of Countess Joanne de Salverte, who herself was one of the brightest ornaments of pre-war Parisian society.

The second belongs to the famous French banker, Baron Maurice de Rothschild. Were it not that they are definitely two necklaces, these might be the Jekyll and Mr. Hyde of the gem world.

Ever since the time of Louis XV, the Countess' has had a potent effect on its wearers (at least, up to a point), whereas the other's, for an even longer time, has spread only disillusion and tragedy.

Yet might suppose that the jewels of a character so opposite would have been each other an exceedingly wide berth.

However, positive and negative, good and evil, seem to have had a mutual attraction here, just as among metals and—sometimes—mortals.

The necklaces, it is true, have so far never hung together; they have always hung separately, around different necks. But the necks have usually been Parisian necks, always with an easy hailing distance of each other.

When Baron Maurice de Rothschild prudently moved to this country just before the war, the two found themselves farther apart than ever before.

Countess de Salverte's subsequent arrival here—with her necklace—showed, however, that the invisible tie had not been broken; it had just been stretched.

Science has noted recently a curious, and not dissimilar, affinity among some identical twins. Tem-



Lady Hamilton, Nelson's Sweetheart, Wore the Other Necklace of "Lucky Pearls," Which Brought Love But Not Marriage; and Left—Sant's Caricature of the Countess de Salverte, Now the Owner.

peramentally opposed, they nevertheless feel uneasy, even desolate, when separated.

The analogy fits perfectly except for one small point: these necklaces aren't twins; they don't look alike and they began their careers at different times.

The 86 individual pearls, that form the Mr. Hyde one, were collected from the Asiatic dominions of the Emperor Charles V, and, on being strung together, they were presented to that super-monarch.

Unaware of their evil power, Charles gave them to his favorite general, Duke Charles de Bourbon.

The Bourbon Necklace, Two Priceless But Sinister Strands of Perfectly Matched Pearls, That Brought Tragedy to Its Wearers. Shortly After King Louis XVI Presented It to His Wife, Marie Antoinette, She Was Bound for the Guillotine.

The Duke had been doing all right up to that point. Then everything went against him.

His army got out of hand and sacked Rome; as a result, he was roundly cursed by many angry people and soon afterwards lost his life in a duel.

However, it was during the reigns of Louis XIV and Louis XV that the necklace was most active. Maria Theresa, Marie Leszcinska, and those three fabled ladies, the Duchess de La Valliere, the Marquise de Pompadour, and the Comtesse du Barry, one after another, all wore the ill-fated necklace and suffered the unhappiest consequences.

Appropriately enough, the second, well-omened necklace appeared on the scene while the first was doing this running berserk. Perhaps the god of jewels—there is such a deity—wanted to make amends for his earlier mistake.

If so, he acted with the caprice typical of lesser immortals, for his next gift had this strange property: though it assured its wearer of the appearance and spirit of youth—long beyond the allotted time of both—it proved to be a barrier to wedded bliss.

Love she could have, in abundance; marriage to her loved one—never. Or so it appears from the lives of the necklace's three most distinguished owners.

Ninon de Lenclos, who inspired so many famous French men of letters

that she might have been a Muse was the first. Hers was a beauty of such extraordinary durability that in her late 80's she was still attracting admirers.

But the courtier, who had had the name-working pearls strung for her and was the only man she ever really wanted to wed, was killed in a duel.

Her legatee sold the necklace, which, after the French Revolution, was purchased by Lord Nelson. After adding to it a second, matching row of pearls, he presented the result, as a royal gift, to his great love, Lady Hamilton. Though the battle of Trafalgar effectively prevented their marriage, her beauty, like Ninon's, lingered on long after the tragedy.

The Countess de Salverte's experience has duplicated the experiences of her eminent predecessors. In her seventies now, she is still strikingly beautiful. But she never managed to marry the man who gave her the necklace and whom she loved above all others.

He was the Duke of Orleans. After years of unhappy marriage to the Archduchess Marie, of Hapsburg, he was finally able to arrange for an annulment. Three days before it was granted he died.

Meanwhile, the other necklace had been keeping up its ominous performance, though not so spectacularly as under Louis XIV and his son. Working down through the years, it has helped to blight the careers of three queens, Marie Antoinette and the wives of Charles X and Louis Philippe.

After a whirl with the mistresses of Prince Antonio de Bourbon-Orleans, to whom it had been entrusted by his kinsman, the King of Spain, it landed ignominiously in a Paris pawnshop. Baron Maurice de Rothschild rescued it from there and was rewarded with the loss of about 350,000,000 francs in property, confiscated when he quit France.

It is impossible, of course, to predict how the necklaces will behave in this country.

Maybe the powers attributed to them are exhausted by this time. Or maybe they will finally get together and cancel each other out.

Every Woman
SHOULD KNOW



about MERCOLIZED WAX CREAM

Because it is **MERCOLIZED WAX CREAM** that can help you to a more romantic skin. A skin that's truly romantic looks youthful, fresh, translucent, feels soft and is colored, of course, like peaches and cream. Now **MERCOLIZED WAX CREAM** can help you on these points of loveliness. It peels invisibly the dried, discolored, outer skin, revealing your protected skin beneath, a skin that's softer, whiter, fresher, younger to look at, more silky to touch. Your skin will seem more translucent, giving it what artists call "depth." Your coloring lovelier. So if you are not happy about your skin, start with **MERCOLIZED WAX CREAM** today! Just follow directions. At all cosmetic counters.

Give your face a treat with **TARK-ROOT BEAUTY MASQUE**. It's a real facial you can enjoy at home.



Don't be miserable—get after the pain, swelling, soreness of a simple sprain, bruise, charley-horse, wrenched muscle or similar conditions with **Motril Heat**. Apply an **ANTIPHLOGISTINE** Poultice comfortably hot and feel the **Motril Heat** go right to work. The **Motril Heat** of **ANTIPHLOGISTINE** relieves the pain, swelling, and soreness...limbers up the injured area...works for several hours. Keep **ANTIPHLOGISTINE** handy for these painful conditions. Get a tube or can from your druggist now.

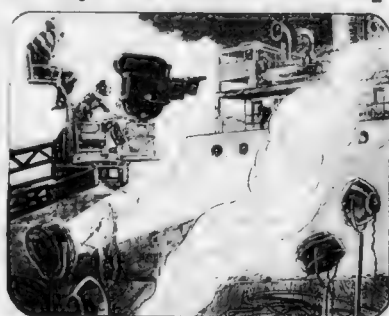
Antiphlogistine



Solve Wartime Shortages
Wash Hair Shades Lighter With New 11-Minute Home Shampoo
It's difficult staying blonde with wartime shortages. So let **Blondes**, the new home shampoo, make specially for blondes, help keep light hair from darkening. Its rich cleansing lather instantly removes the dirty hue that makes hair dark, old looking. Takes only 11 minutes at home. Gives hair lustrous highlights. Safe for children. Get **Blondes** at 10c, drug and department stores.

Extra War Bonds Give You a Bigger Personal Share in Victory

Hollywood's Pet Ship



Probably the Busiest Set in Hollywood Is a Land-Locked Ship Which Has Been Remodeled a Dozen Times and Used in 24 Different Movies.

HOLLYWOOD Builds approximately 6000 movie sets per year for its roughly 500 annual feature offerings. So a single set isn't important in the scheme of things. But some make movie history. The old cathedral of Notre Dame, erected at Universal for the original movie version of "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," probably holds all records for use and reuse. It has appeared, as itself, or slightly disguised, in some 97 motion pictures.

The modern miracle in movie sets is IKO's steamship, originally built for the mystery thriller, "Journey Into Fear."

The original investment was large, because this ship, which occupies the whole of a huge sound stage, is complete from stem to stern.

No fan ever recognizes this ship as one he has seen in a previous picture, because it has worn more disguises than the late Lon Chaney. Yet, to date it has appeared in 24 films.

In "Journey Into Fear" it was a large Greek tramp steamer on the Mediterranean. In "Ghost Ship" it was a trim American cargo craft, plying the South American trade lanes. In "Seven Days' Leave" it was a giant liner, transformed into a troop transport, 1943 style. In "Show Business" it was one of those jaggedly camouflaged, hastily converted transports of 1917.

All of these transformations were accomplished by

false superstructures, changes in the number of decks, arrangement of rails and portholes, and so on.

Usually, each "disguise" was really a faithful impersonation of some other ship.

A perfect example of this may be seen in "Marine Raiders."

This service picture had government backing, so in scenes taken on location at San Diego a real, modern army transport, packed with U. S. troops, was used.

It had to be duplicated for wharf, loading and unloading scenes taken at the studio. So after movie cameras had taken what they wanted of the transport, a still cameraman took many photographs.

A bound, stamped, censored set of these pictures was turned over to the IKO art directors, who disguised Hollywood's set boat into a sister ship of that Army transport.

Sorry

In a recent story in The American Weekly regarding the mystery killing of Mrs. Adele Born Williams at the Drake Hotel, Chicago, it was erroneously stated that Edgar R. Born's first wife had been in a sanitarium in Virginia.

Edgar R. Born had only one wife, the late Mrs. Williams from whom he was divorced.

Mrs. Williams was the second wife of Frank Starr Williams, and it was Mr. Williams' first wife who was in the sanitarium.



"Sorry, Fellows, This One's Taken."

Make-up created by the men who make up the Hollywood Stars

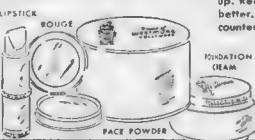
ANNE BAXTER
in the 20th Century-Fox picture
"THE EVE OF ST. MARK"



Perc Westmore, Hollywood's Famous Make-up Genius



The Westmores—Perc, Wally and Bud—not only make up the Hollywood stars but have actually created the make-up with which they do it. And it's that very make-up you get when you buy House of Westmore's lipstick, rouge, face-powder and foundation cream.



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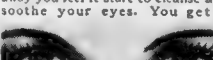
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How to give QUICK REST to tired eyes

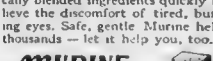
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against enemy planes...
against enemy tanks...

Think of it... fifteen shots a minute spouting up six miles high from the smoking muzzles of these "fifteen-footers"!... To maintain accuracy at this great height the gun barrel must be machined with infinite precision... That's where Chevrolet's *quality in quantity* production methods come in. Chevrolet, producer of thousands of these guns, is proud of their record... one battery crew in the South Pacific averaged *one Japanese bomber destroyed for every thirty shots fired!*... They, too, say, "These are great guns!"

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90-mm. guns

CHEVROLET

DIVISION
OF

GENERAL MOTORS

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(Sorry—No New Razors Yet
Except for the Armed Forces!)

Man! Here's news you've been waiting for! Run—don't walk—to your nearest dealer and pick up a cartridge of Schick Injector Blades. They're back again in force! And that means you can return to your smooth-shaving Schick Injector Razor tomorrow morning. And what a swell shave that'll be!

While we still can't get the material for new razors, except for the Armed Forces, we're now able to supply civilian as well as military demands for Schick Blades. Starting tomorrow you can re-discover these Schick Injector features... the only basic safety razor improvements in the past 40 years.

AUTOMATIC BLADE CHANGE

...has an exclusive Schick Injector feature. A pull and a push and the Schick Injector Blade slides out of the old blade, slides on a fresh one instantly. No twisting, no pulling, no fumbling with sharp blade edges or crumpled paper wrappers.



SOLID GUIDE BAR

...has a sure-grip surface that stretches and flattens the skin just ahead of the blade. Push up a hooker for closer, more comfortable shaves. And protect against nicking and scraping.



DOUBLE-THICK BLADES

...just as long but twice as thick as ordinary blades. 3 times as thick as razor blades only. No they take and hold a razor's keen edge. Oil packed in special cartridge, their cutting edges are suspended in space.



SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR BLADES

Magazine Repeating Razor Co.
Bridgeport 1, Conn.

SORE FEET FEEL FINE

When You Do This or That

Two 10 minutes tonight, soak your sore, raw, itching feet in the rich, creamy lather of Sayman Wonder Salve—and pat dry with a soft towel. Then smooth on plenty of medicated Sayman Salve—over the watery blisters, the painful cracks, the sore, raw skin. Do this for 10 nights and shout with joy for comforting relief. Two tubes, 25c and 60c. All druggists.

SAYMAN SALVE

Sew Better.

By ELEANOR MERRITT
YOUR sewing machine should be one of your most valued possessions. Take care of it. It's just time by keeping it oiled with the proper grade of oil called for in the manufacturer's specifications.

When it comes to oiling, a lot of people are confused. A lot of them are not sure that they are doing it right. And yet, if you do it right, you can save your sewing machine a lot of trouble and you'll see all the benefits of the oil. It will keep the machine from becoming rusty and it will keep the parts from wearing out. It will also keep the machine from becoming noisy and it will keep the machine from becoming hot. It will also keep the machine from becoming dirty and it will keep the machine from becoming old.

ObeY Instructions

Be sure to use the correct oil for the fabric you are stitching. Do not try to help your sewing machine along by putting the machine while you stitch; this is sure to spoil the length of the stitch and if you bend the needle. When you remove the fabric, loosen the tension so the thread can be pulled out a little without stopping or pulling the bobbin.

You can run over pins left in there, and after running at your machine is supplied with the hinged foot, but it is better not to do this, as it is dangerous to the needle, and it is also dangerous to the fabric.

If the manual timer of your machine maintains a sewing center in your own mind, have your machine checked by an expert even so often to keep it in tune. When you are not using the machine, cover it to keep the dust away from the fine parts. It will give you longer and better service with this care.

New Salad

THIS is a refreshing and delectable salad for a summer meal.

Tomato Sandwich Salad

- 1 cup diced ripe olives
- 1 cup diced celery
- 1 cup chopped green pepper
- 1 cup flaked crab meat
- 1 cup Mayonnaise
- 2 tablespoons tomato cocktail sauce
- Large red ripe tomatoes
- Lettuce
- Mayonnaise

Combine the olives, celery and sweet pepper, all of which should be minced fine, with the flaked, cooked crab meat. Mix the cocktail sauce and Mayonnaise and combine with the olive mixture. Slice the tomatoes crosswise into medium thin slices and sprinkle each with a bit of the mixture. Lay another sandwich fashion with the olive mixture between each two. Arrange on a lettuce garnished cold plate. Top each salad with a little Mayonnaise. Serves six to eight.

Menuette

Tomato Sandwich Salad
Toasted Rolls and Butter or Thin Bread and Butter Sandwiches
Hot or Iced Coffee or Tea
Strawberry Shortcake and Top Milk

NAZI-JAP ERASER

For free labels in patriotic colors to paste on lat-exing containers read a stamped, addressed envelope in the Household Magazine, The American Weekly, 25 E. 4th St., New York 17, N. Y.



Emily Post says:

Upon the death of a friend you should at once to the house, write "With sympathy" on your card and leave it at the door. Or, you write a letter to the family. In either case you send flowers, addressed either to the funeral of (name of the deceased) or to the nearest relative. The latter method is preferable, if the relative is a friend. But the former method is followed if the deceased alone was known to you.

On the card accompanying the flowers, and addressed to one of the family, you write "With sympathy," or "With deepest sympathy," or "With heartfelt sympathy," or "With

love and sympathy." When flowers are addressed to the funeral of the deceased, no message is included. If there is a notice in the papers requesting that no flowers be sent, you disregard it only if you are a very intimate friend.

A very natural impulse of kindness is to send a few flowers with a note either immediately or a few days or weeks after the funeral to any bereaved person who is particularly in your thoughts. A few flowers sent from time to time—possibly for long afterward—are especially comforting in their assurance of continued sympathy.

Write for Adela Rogers St. John's beautiful story
"Flowers at Sunset" — a message of comfort to all
who have ever known heart-break. Free on request.

FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY ASSOCIATION

484 EAST GRAND BOULEVARD, DETROIT 7, MICH.

Buy Extra Bonds in the 5th War Loan

UNTOLD MISERIES TO MANY OUT OF ONE OLD TIN CAN!

Spray FLIT on all stagnant water. It wipes out baby Anopheles... the malaria mosquito... before it has a chance to hatch out into a full fledged carrier of disease.

Spray FLIT in closets and all dark corners. It's sudden death to the mosquito that may spread living death from a sick man to you.

Attack all mosquitoes in the air... with a quick shot of FLIT. It's an easy way to kill 'em. It's a smart way to protect the health and happiness of your family. Be prepared! Arm yourself with plenty of FLIT... today!



FLIT

Be sure to FLIT Ask for the yellow container with the black label. Look for FLIT in the yellow container with the black label.

Keep them looking NEW



JUST rub it on—let dry a minute—wipe off. Result, a deep, brilliant, protective lustre that makes your car look like new. For cars with heavy road film, clean the surface with ZECOL Solvent Remover before applying ZECOL Wax.

You can get ZECOL at any service station or garage. ZECOL Inc. Sole Mfrs. Milwaukee 1, Wis.

Read the exciting, intriguing true stories of love, romance and adventure which appear in this and every issue of The American Weekly.

"Pick of the Picnic!"

CREAMY SMOOTH **Peter Pan** PEANUT BUTTER SANDWICHES



* It does not stick to the roof of your mouth

The fine art of sandwich making rises to new, exciting heights when velvety Peter Pan Peanut Butter is the chief ingredient. Peter Pan is so creamy-smooth, it blends perfectly with any other toothsome ingredients you care to use!

You see, we radiant-roast the best peanuts money can buy, then triple-mill them. Result, Peter Pan develops no irksome oil separation, remains always delicious and nutritious.

Peter Pan contains proteins growing children need... Thiamin and Niacin, vitamins you want them to get. Keep a jar handy. The 2-lb. family size is both economical and practical, because Peter Pan stays creamy and smooth-spreading right down to the bottom of the jar.

Sandwiches above show Peter Pan Peanut Butter combined with Bacon, Strawberry Jam, Sliced Oranges and Sliced Tomatoes.

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Disgusted with greasy rings in sinks, tubs and pans? Let Sunbrite's efficient water softener cut it quickly so you can wipe it away without a struggle.

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Delighted with pans that sparkle, sinks that shine? Sunbrite's emulsifying soap base combines ideally to cut out germs, grease and grime—gets things spotless, clean, thoroughly clean!

Sunbrite is your ally in the War on Waste. Works fast, safely, helps get cleaning jobs done in whiz time... doesn't wear out precious aluminum and porcelains. Sunbrite saves soap, costs little. Ask for the cheery blue and yellow Sunbrite can today!

SWITCH TO SWIFT'S SAFE, SPEEDY CLEANSER



Elizabeth Foster Specializes in Camp Cooking. But Her Recipes Are Perfect for Home Kitchens.

By FLORENCE BROBECK
Women's Editor

THERE are few people who know more about Maine cookery than Elizabeth Foster. Some of that special cookery is in her new novel, "Dirigo Point," which is set in the Maine woods. For her family has been camping in the Katahdin region of that State for many years. She was taught to shoot by Maine guides almost before she was born. Elizabeth Foster says she learned to cook from the same teachers about the same time.

Elizabeth, who writes stories for two women's magazines, as well as books, is also a third generation author. Her father, Maximilian Foster, was a famous serial writer and her grandfather a popular novelist who also wrote the Maine woods into his books.

Cooks and Writes

WHEN the snows of winter blow through her beloved woods, Miss Foster moves down to her New York apartment. There besides writing, she cooks for her family and friends. Also she is teaching her young daughter to cook because, she says, "No girl should grow up without a respect for the creative use of good cooking."

Her specialty is camp cooking, although you don't need a campfire in order to prepare her excellent recipes. They're good any place you can catch, or buy, lobsters, fish and blueberries.

Her food has a more sophisticated touch than the usual New England home cooking that name

because of the seasoning in her dish. But it also has the Yankee flavor of salt pork.

Here are two of the recipes mentioned in the pages of her new novel, "Dirigo Point." See next page for more of them. The comments are hers.

Chowder

"IN the Maine woods we make this with trout and salmon, but haddock or flounder will do."

Boil a three-pound fish in a simple court bouillon, in other words with a bay leaf, a sprig of parsley, two or three whole peppercorns and salt added to the cooking water. This should be sufficient to only cover the fish, not a kettleful.

When the broth is cooked down, and the fish is tender, remove it from the bones and flake it in rather large pieces.

Cut a thick slice of salt pork in cubes and fry till golden brown.

Slice three yellow onions and brown them in the pork fat.

Boil three good sized potatoes and cut them in eighths and add to the other ingredients in a deep tureen or soup casserole. (Heat the dish first by dipping in hot water.)

Heat one and one-half quarts of milk and pour over the fish, vegetables and salt pork in the tureen, adding salt and black pepper to taste.

Serve Very Hot

SERVE at once with large pilot crackers. The virtue of this chowder is that it will wait indefinitely for late-fishing guests. Plan for six servings.

Along with this chowder,



and the variety made with clams, goes a green salad with cheese and fruit for dessert.

Lobster Lizzie

LOBSTER is a meal in itself. On Elizabeth Foster's menu nothing precedes it. But following it is a green salad, then baked peas—halves of canned or fresh pears, tipped with maple sugar or syrup, dotted with butter or margarine, and baked half an hour in a moderate oven.

Of her favorite lobster dish, she says: "This way of doing lobster is my mother's invention. It was the result of necessity as there is no such thing as a broiler in the Maine woods. We all cook on wood stoves."

"However, we all think this dish tastes better than plain broiled lobster, as the sauce is pretty delectable."

"Drop live lobsters weighing about one and one-half pounds each into rapidly boiling water and boil not more than eight minutes. Remove from the kettle and split them, carefully catching all the liquor which comes off them as this

must go in the sauce."

"In the good old days we used butter—masses of it—but fortified margarine will do nicely, a few tablespoons in a roasting pan at the top of the range. Put the lobster's shell side down in it. The fire should be lively but not too hot. Cook them until the shells begin to blacken, and then turn them over and brown the flesh as well as the shells."

The Sauce

"REMOVE the lobsters to the oven to keep warm and make the sauce in the same pan. If the butter, or margarine, has reduced considerably, add more, also the liquor from the lobster, plus a generous amount of the green liquor of the lobster known as the 'tom' McAuley."

"If you want the sauce to be thick, bind it with a little flour before adding the liquor, but this is simply a matter of taste. Season and serve at once. Allow one lobster for two people. When we've lunched on a good supper, we have one more."

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The big clippers of the \$3,000,000 Van Camp tuna fleet often cruised 6,000 miles... far into the South Pacific... to bring in a load of the quality tuna. Now, these big boats are in the Navy and our smaller boats cruise off-shore "fishing." That's why, sometimes, you aren't able to buy these famous brands. However, keep on looking for them at your grocer's... we are supplying them with as much as possible, as often as possible.

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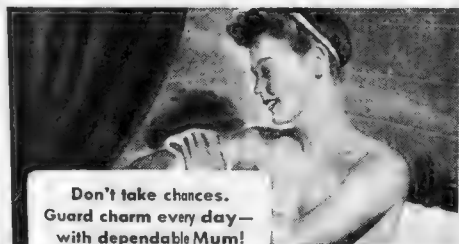
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Make daintiness sure—use Mum!



Don't take chances.
Guard charm every day—
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Your bath gives daintiness a
fresh start! But don't trust it to
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Follow that bath—quick—with
dependable Mum. Then you're
flower-fresh—appealing. For a
bath merely washes away *past*
perspiration—but Mum prevents
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Let Mum guard your charm!

MUM'S SO QUICK—Only 30 seconds to apply Mum yet underarms stay fresh for hours!

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SPOT REMOVER**

BRUSH SPOTS—from dress, suit, undergarments. Fast and safe. Quickly dissolves grease, dirt, oil, ink, and stains. At 5¢ a bottle, it's the most economical spot remover on the market.

SAFETYWAY CHEMICAL CO. Non-Explosive 10¢-25¢

Why use a cloth?
Just BRUSH spots away!

For Summer Meals

ELIZABETH FOSTER
serves this pudding after
a Maine woads supper. Her
trout recipe follows that.

Blueberry Pudding

- 1 quart blueberries
- Sugar
- 2 cups flour
- 2½ teaspoons baking powder
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ½ cup fortified margarine, or other shortening
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 cup milk

Place the cleaned blueberries in the bottom of a greased baking dish. Sprinkle with sugar. Cover with a batter made of the other ingredients.

Sift the flour with the baking powder and salt. Cream the shortening with the sugar. Add the unbeaten eggs, one at a time, to the creamed mixture. Then add the milk and sifted dry ingredients alternately to the creamed mixture. Beat smooth. Pour over the berries. Bake in a moderate oven 35 degrees F. twenty-five to thirty minutes. A little sugar is necessary. Six servings.

Brook Trout

"NEVER dip brook trout in corn-meal," says this fisherman-cook. "This is the best desecration there is of a noble fish. Never cut the head off. I

am mentioning these two things because so many people do both in innocence. Corn meal masks the delicate flavor of this fish, and decapitation destroys its dignity as well as its flavor.

"Ery the cleaned, seasoned fish slowly in hot bacon fat, butter, or fortified margarine, till browned on each side. Add a touch of lemon juice—that's all there is to it. Why bother with any more?"

Stuffed Bacon Rolls

THESE may be prepared ahead of time in the kitchen, then broiled on the picnic fire.

- 2 cups bread crumbs
- 1 small onion chopped
- 1 tablespoon minced parsley
- Salt and pepper
- 12 bacon slices

Mix the crumbs, onion and parsley and season with salt and pepper. Moisten with a very little hot water. Place a heaping teaspoon of the mixture on one end of each slice of bacon. Roll the slice around the dressing. Fasten the edge with a wooden pick. Broil, turning frequently to brown evenly. Serve on sticks.

Another good use of bacon (and there is plenty of it this summer) is to cook it to crispness and crumble it to be used with some of the drippings as seasoning for vegetables.

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22 Almanac Preserves Recipes
18 Almanac Casserole Recipes
20 Popular Salad Recipes
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THE AMERICAN WEEKLY, 939 EIGHTH AVENUE,
NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

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PATTERN 3696—Pinaflore play-suit or dress. Sizes 11 to 17, 12 to 18. Size 11, playsuit, requires 1½ yards 35-inch fabric.
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EACH PATTERN together with a needlework pattern of useful and decorative motifs for linens and garments, TWENTY CENTS for each.
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3005

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Swing-shift supper...

Waffles!



Meals at all hours? Tasty, quick, equals hot waffles. Tasty, quick, easy—waffles. Duff's Waffle Mix. It's complete. Fully prepared. Add water, mix, bake. (Duff's Waffle Mix is sold in 1-lb. and 5-lb. cans.)



Don't cry over
BLACKHEADS

...do something about them! If those ugly little blemishes are taking the fun out of your life, here's a secret you ought to know about. It's an effective beauty aid that really cleans the skin.

Apply a little Pompeian Rolling Massage Cream. Massage vigorously. That clean-looking pink cream rolls off on only dirt grey. It removes the surface accumulation of only dirt from pore orifices, and aids in the mechanical removal of blackheads and similar skin blemishes, leaves your skin glowingly clean!

A Pompeian Massage costs less than 2¢ a treatment. At your favorite drug, 5 and 10¢ or department store.



POMPEIAN
ROLLING MASSAGE CREAM

JITTER BUG WARNS MOSQUITOES NOT TO BITE YOU

Want to keep Mosquitoes from biting you? Just add a few drops of Jitter Bug to your ankles, legs, arms, wrists, face, neck and forehead before you go outside. Then you can sit out on the porch, go fishing, camping or picnicking without worrying about mosquito bites, chigger bites, red bug bites, sand flies or sand fleas. Costs only 25¢ a bottle at drug, grocery, hardware, department and variety stores. Ask for and get the real thing—genuine.

JITTER BUG

Every extra bond you buy is another share in victory for you and your family.



Unmatched in Fragrance ...unmatched in Taste!

YOU CAN'T MISTAKE the subtle fragrance of a rose...Nor the delicate flavor of Hi Ho Crackers! They have a new, tantalizing taste you won't find in any other cracker—a secret, captured in Sunshine's special baking process.

These crunchy-crisp, golden-brown crackers offer an almost magic way of adding zestful sparkle to soups, salads, cheese, even to main course dishes...Served with beverages, they're a tempting treat—either plain or with dainty spreads—that's as handy as it is delicious.

Try *Sunshine Hi Ho Crackers*! Find out for yourself why they're so popular with millions of families.



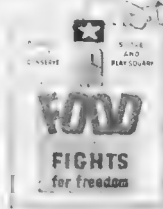
WITH SOUP



WITH SALADS

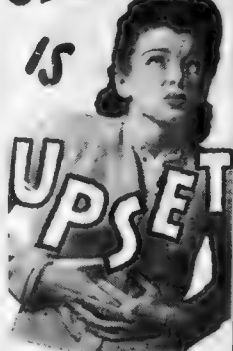


WITH BEVERAGES



From the Thousand Window Bakeries of Loose-Wiles Biscuit Company

WHEN YOUR STOMACH



Don't punish your upset stomach by taking overdoses of antacids or harsh physics! Be kind to your stomach... take soothing PEPTO-BISMOL!

This pleasant-tasting preparation soothes antacid and laxative. It spreads a soothing, protective coating on irritated stomach and intestinal walls, thus helping to calm and quiet common digestive upsets. Get a bottle from your druggist today. If you do not get prompt relief, consult your physician.

Pepto-Bismol

By the Makers of "Unguentine" (Norwich)

True articles on adventure are thrillingly related in every issue of this magazine.

Your Glamour Tan

By URSULA TROW

YOU may spend this summer weeding the garden, or you may lounge on a beach. Which-

ever you do, if one thing is sure, you will want to look as good as you feel. You will want to keep your complexion clear, your eyes bright, your skin smooth and the lines of your face as young as the cause of many a sleepless night.

There are all sorts of effective sun preparations on the market, and your choice depends on what you are looking for in such lotions.

These products are designed to help prevent burning, blistering and skin dryness. However, they may have different methods of achieving their end. For instance, if you want to keep your skin lily-white instead of getting a tan, there's a sun cream to serve this purpose. A heavy coat of it will repel the sun and you retain your fair complexion.

Browns Evenly

OTHER preparations are designed to allow you to acquire an even coat of golden tan. Any such lotion should be applied liberally and evenly, even the soles of your feet, to the sun's rays, in order to do its best

work of preventing sunburn.

Another nice feature about certain sun tan cosmetics is that you can choose whether you want a light or dark tan. The result is accomplished by an easy, hit-and-miss trick of applying a heavy coat of cream for a light champagne-golden appearance, and a lighter coat of cream for a heavier bronze look.

The heavier the application, the less opportunity for the sun's rays to penetrate the cream to the skin.

Common Sense

THERE is on the market an attractively packaged set of four oils. Each oil has its own particular function. There is one each for the body, the face, the eyelids, and the lips.

Always take your vitamin D—and tanning—in small doses. Ten to fifteen minutes the first day, even though protected by a sun tan preparation, is long enough to start a tan.

Each following day, the time can be increased. But even if you have a handsome Indian-brown color at the end of the season, a sun tan oil, cream or lotion is still essential if you want your skin to remain velvety, smooth and soft.



1. A. B. C. Cream.

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3. Needs no lemon or vinegar after-rinse... Halo rinses away, quickly and completely!
4. Makes oceans of rich, fragrant lather, in hardest water... leaves hair sweet, naturally radiant!
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6. Lets hair dry soft and manageable, easy to curl!



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Lux undies after every wearing. Gentle Lux care takes perspiration odor away, keeps undies lovely 3 times longer, too.

Avoid harsh washday methods. They fade colors over 50%, fray shoulder straps, pull out seams. Strong soaps, rough handling, too-hot water make undies soon look old and drab. Safe in water, safe in Lux.

Fight Waste

Use all the Lux you need to get rich suds, but no more than you need. Don't use more water than necessary. Wash several garments of the same color in the same Lux suds.

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WEARING? WE'D STAY
NEW LONGER, TOO!

LUXed undies stay lovely longer!



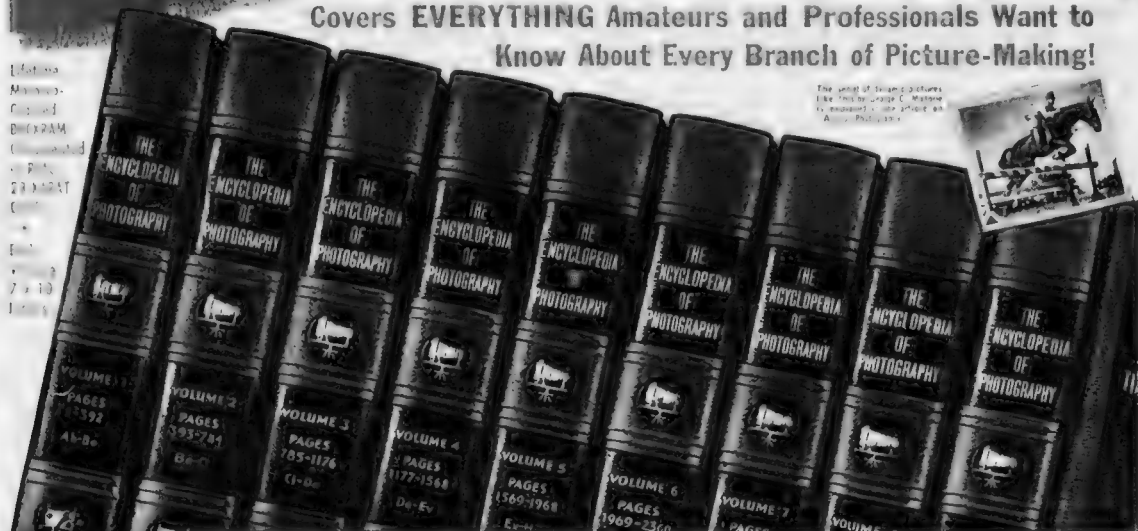
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\$5,000,000,000 FOR VETS

AND HOW IT WAS WON

By DAVID CAMELON and
GEORGE BRADY

FIVE billion dollars for the heroic lads fighting and winning this war of wars. Five billion dollars for their education, re-employment, health, independence and self-respect.

That is the GI Bill of Rights, the history-making, precedent-shattering document adopted last week by the Congress of the United States, without a single dissenting vote.

The adoption was a glorious culmination of a long, arduous, often discouraging campaign by the American Legion and the Hearst newspapers to have the greatest, richest nation on the face of the earth protect its protectors.

Officially, the campaign began when the present Selective Service law put its first recruit into khaki and sent him to a training camp, supposedly for defense.

Actually, it began many years before.

It began on the ill-starred Thursday in July, 1932, when American troops marched against

Yank heroes of the last war returned home to find no jobs, no bonus; only promises, pennies for apples, poppies and shoe lace sales, plus bombs, bayonets and fire which wiped out their ramshackle Bonus Army camp in the shadow of the nation's Capitol.

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War I Vets Sought Bonus or Jobs But Got Bayonets, Gas

Continued from Page 1

former soldiers of America with bayonets, tanks and gas, dispersing helpless and hapless veterans of World War I who had trekked to Washington from every State in the Union, pleading:

"Give us the bonus you promised us. Return the money you took from us in the dugouts of Flanders Fields. Allow us to feed our wives and our children and take care of ourselves."

It began as high-lapping red flames, simulating a charging line of cavalry on the night of July 28, 1932, sang the roar of cannon over the camps of the "Bonus Army"; over the bleeding bodies of men who had served the flag honestly and honorably; over the dead body of Bonus Marcher Bill Hushka of Chicago, who had believed that America would help him when he was in a jam as he had helped America when she was in a jam.

THEN the American Legion, the Hearst newspapers and millions of aroused and angered men and women in every nook and corner of the country solemnly vowed:

"This will never happen again!"

It won't. Thanks to the GI Bill of Rights, written by war veterans who were determined that the injustices carelessly and callously inflicted upon them would not extend to their sons and successors, the men returning from this conflict will have an opportunity fully to enjoy the peace they risked their lives to win.

The GI bill means they will not have to come home to an interval of unemployment and uncertainty after the armistice.

It means they will have a reasonable amount of cash in their pockets to tide them over the period of transition from military to civil life.

It means they will have respectable and productive and properly compensated jobs.

It means they can buy homes or farms or start businesses of their own.

It means they will have adequate hospitalization and medical care, if they are sick or wounded.

How tragically different was the treatment of the veterans of World War I.

SHUNTED out of the fighting forces into treadlines; cut of factories into relief lines; cut of homes into hovels, and out of everything they thought they had earned and deserved, thousands of these discharged and disabled servicemen were forced down to such a depth of humiliation that they had to sell apples and pencils on street corners, and even pawned their medals when all else was gone.

The government—their government—promised them a bonus—some time in the dis-



The apple-sellers of 1930—veterans of World War I who had waited in vain for their government to furnish them with jobs and other benefits they badly needed.

tant future. But two Presidents, and eventually three, vetoed bills giving it to them and plunged them deeper and deeper into depression and despair.

Finally, in sheer desperation, thousands donned their fraying uniforms and faded ribbons and went to Washington. The year, as has been noted, was 1932. The President was Herbert Hoover.

They went with no threats or hostile intentions. They could not do anything sitting in their separate homes, which once they left to fight across the sea.

It was necessary to go to Washington to deal directly with the United States government through the Congress and through the President.

THEY had every reason to believe that they would be received kindly. They could not imagine that the government

would call out its troops to drive them out like so many criminals.

They knew that it was common for big corporations at home and big countries abroad to go to Washington for special favors, special loans, special exemptions for this and special remunerations for that.

But these World War I veterans asked for no special favors. They were cut of work, their families were in dire need. Their faces, their tattered clothing showed 12 years of postwar depression had reduced them to sad extremities.

They wanted, first of all, jobs that they might work to live. And if they could not get such jobs from the Government that had promised so much and pledged so extravagantly, then they wanted payment of a bonus that had been guaranteed.

This bonus represented no favor. It was partly a settlement of insurance that the men had paid for out of their small soldier wages and partly a compensation for their having been taken from their homes, exposed to hardships, to gassing and to

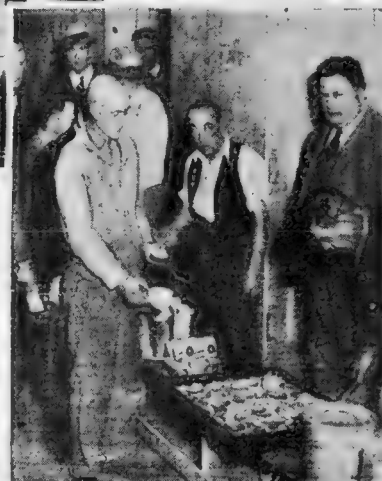
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A maimed veteran of '17 sells poppies to help buddies who are in need of cash and jobs.



Jobless and with no bonus in sight, these vets (right) line up for chow, in December, 1932.



On to Washington! The Bonus Army of 1932.



A wounded hero of World War I gets a laugh out of the type of insult which he and his pals received.

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wounds for miserably small pay, while those left behind—for whom they were sent to fight—enjoyed the opportunities and high wages and prosperity of the war.

THE men did not think it too much to expect. They knew that the Government had several billions of dollars of buried gold; that it had only recently given eighty million dollars of the people's money to a single bank and that it had obligingly cancelled billions owed by foreign countries.

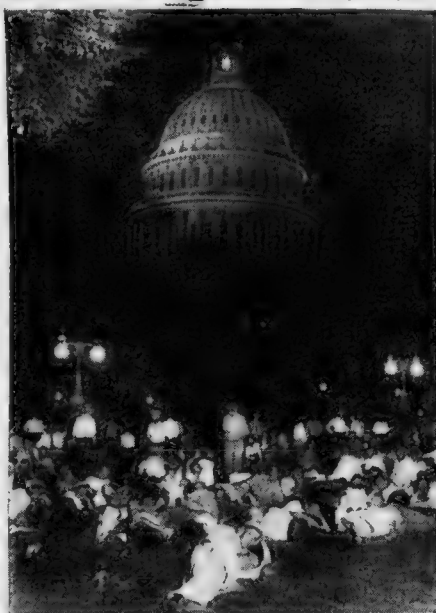
But the men were wrong. As the darkest, most shameful page in American history records, District of Columbia police and Federal troops were turned upon them, and gas bombs, bayonets, tanks, cavalry and fire routed, wounded and killed men who once fought for the Stars and Stripes.

They received no bonus. They did not get it for another four years, when, after a relentless, 17-year drive by the Hearst newspapers and veterans' organizations, including the American Legion and Veterans of Foreign Wars, it was passed by the Congress over the veto of President Roosevelt.

Only the historians of the future will be able to say how much the shooting of the Bonus Marchers in Washington encouraged re-armament abroad and helped to bring on World War II.

FEARLESS in their condemnation of the shameful mistreatment of the former soldiers who went to their President and Congress for money and got fire and bullets instead, the Hearst newspapers said:

"Panic and plagues and fam-



California's 1932 Bonus Army bivouacs on the grounds of the nation's capital waiting for some response to their appeal for help.

ine can be overcome. But injustice is a sore that remains. When those men were shipped across the ocean, their wives, mothers, sisters, saw them go. Their government and public men expressed profound gratitude.

"Never was their patriotism to be forgotten, never would the Government feel that it could

do enough for men that were ready to give all to their country.

"They came home, endured want as long as they could, then called upon the government to make good some of its promises.

"For that they were driven out with tanks and tear gas—driven like rabble, with no claim,

It Won't Happen This Time



A typical scene from the Bonus Army march on Washington in 1932. (above).

no right to visit the Capital of their own nation.

"For the time that most shameful incident in the history of the United States is closed. But it will not be forgotten."

No, it was not forgotten. It lived a whole generation in sorrowful memory. And now, lest it ever be repeated, America has the great and glorious G. I. Bill of Rights, the unparalleled, unequalled contribution of the men who fought one war for their sons who are fighting another and bigger war.

NOW for the inside story of the fight for the GI Bill. Now for the story of how a nation arose and, speaking almost as one person, demanded that its fighting men be cared for immediately; not after years of bitter, disappointed waiting and petitioning.

There were efforts to defeat the GI Bill. They came in many forms; and one of the most vicious was an attempt to smear it made by enemies who shouted that it was backed . . . by the most powerful lobby ever organized.

It was backed by a powerful lobby assuredly; but the lobby was not a sinister man-eating monster. It was the open demand of the mothers,

fathers, wives, sweethearts, brothers, sisters and friends of the service men and women. Rep. Fred Busby, of Illinois, answering the charge of "lobby" on the floor of the House, described that "lobby" and said:

"If that is any crime, I hope we have a lot more of it in behalf of those veterans. The lobby is from ALL patriotic citizens."

REP. EDITH Nourse TOWERS of Massachusetts

said, "with reference to calling it a lobby, it seems to me it is an All-Over-the-Country-All-American Lobby."

That was the spirit of the entire campaign. The Legion, and Rep. Edwin N. Rogers, the Hearst newspapers, were convinced they had only to carry the story of the GI Bill to the nation; that the people would do the rest.

The story starts last fall, nearly eight months ago, when the Boston Record-American and other Hearst newspapers made public the tragic story of the "unwanted battalion," the thousands of sick and wounded discharged veterans left hungry, dependent on charity for months, sometimes for a year, while government red tape held up

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The 1932 Bonus Army camps on tracks at Cleveland

A Mighty Nation's Disgrace—It Razes Ragged Vets' Camp

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the compensation to which they were entitled.

THE "unwanted battalion" as entitled that will go down in history as one of the greatest pains ever made in the half of man fighting a war, shocked and amazed Congress by saying:

Veterans, and particularly disabled veterans, must have the protection and benefits of adequate laws passed by their Congress and approved by their President.

"Promises will not rehabilitate veterans sick in body and mind, or fill their empty stomachs.

America, which does not hesitate to give billions to foreign governments, should not hesitate to give something to her own disabled sons."

THE editorial revealed that more than 1500 Massachusetts men had been discharged from the armed forces as insane and sent home to their families with no real provision having been made for their medical care.

It also quoted Rep. Walter C. Thayer, of Missouri, as having charged:

"The political record of the President of these United States in regard to war veterans is a shame in the eyes of the nation."

"The political record of the majority members of Congress to provide aid and sustenance to the men and women returning from this bloody war is a shame."

"The procrastination of the Senate and the House of Representatives in the military affairs committee of the House of Representatives is a shame."

THAT was Nov. 27, 1943. Within a fortnight, Com. Warren H. Atherton of the Dayton made public a survey of 1537 cases of members of the "unwanted battalion." In 34 States, forced to wait from three to 11 months' pitiful victims of official delay and neglect.

The story horrified America. The Hearst newspapers immediately led a campaign for Mustering-Out Pay to help them bridge the gap between discharge and adjudication of their claims. The goal was a full year's pay. Congress, after weeks of delay, voted a graduated scale of from \$100 to \$300, with only overseas veterans receiving the top amount.

It had been hoped to present

Mustering-Out Pay to already discharged veterans, who total



Chairman

Andrew J. May. It is possible; and Mustering-Out Pay was not available until mid-January.

When it was finally granted, the Hearst newspapers saw its inadequacy and said in an editorial published on Jan. 22:

"The defenders of our country will not relish or be content with this sop grudgingly tossed at them by an Administration which has found billions

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The Battle of Washington: Capital police fight the veterans of World War I (above and left) in the shameful attack by "law and order" on the Bonus Army, which marched on the nation's capital, the ex-soldiers in quest of their rights. Federal troops were called, and one war hero was killed in the fray.



Above: Washington police give a bonus-seeking war veteran the bum's rush. Left: The climax of the march of the Bonus Army — the camp at Anacostia, Md., where the veterans were driven out with bombs and bayonets, after which their rude encampment was battered down and burned.



Destiny's Odd Quirk Frees Mother From 20-Year Jail Term

By DAVID INGRAM

A YEAR and a month ago, the bell tolled for Mrs. Beatrice St. Denis Bouvier. Its dreary sound came into the Northampton court room where she stood tense and hopeless as a jury found her guilty of the shotgun killing of her husband, Rudolph.

Outside the courthouse, the bell kept ringing from the chapel of Smith College and girls were gaily walking across the campus in the warm May sun.

But there was no sunlight in the life of buxom Mrs. Bouvier now. The next day she was sentenced to 20 years in the women's reformatory, and she took with her a baby son, born to her the day after her husband's shotgun battered body was found lying across his bed.

Last Thursday, fate dramatically reversed itself in one of the greatest surprise endings in any New England manslaughter case.

The full bench of the State Supreme Court set aside the conviction and Mrs. Bouvier and her baby will be free again.

In vindicating the plump Ware widow, the high court ruled that the trial judge should have granted a motion for a directed verdict of not guilty more than a year ago, and commented that discharge of the shotgun that killed the husband "could not" have been otherwise than accidental.

IT IS A STRANGE ending to the strange story which began early one cold, bleak December morning in the town of Ware.

At two o'clock that day there was a terrific pounding at the door of the home of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred E. Labier of West Main st.

At the door, excited nearly hysterical and clearly in an advanced stage of pregnancy, stood their next door neighbor, Mrs. Bouvier, a 30-year-old, plump, and usually placid woman.

"My husband's just shot himself," she said.

Labier threw on a coat and ran to the Bouvier home. He

the weapon lying on the floor. The obvious question was, who had fired the shotgun?

Chief Buckley questioned Mrs. Bouvier, who was still fairly calm despite the death of her husband and the impending birth of her baby.

The chief said then and later at the trial that Mrs. Bouvier told him that her husband, who was 30 and an employee of the Wickwire Spencer Steel Co. at Palmer, had come home drunk and gone upstairs without speaking to her.

She could hear his shoes thud on the floor, so he was apparently undressing. Then came the roar of a shotgun blast.

THE FOLLOWING day, Mrs. Bouvier had to make a hurried trip to the hospital. Her



Mrs. Beatrice Bouvier, freed in a surprise move after the State Supreme Court set aside her conviction on a manslaughter charge. She was serving 20 years.

The Northampton jury which decided Beatrice Bouvier had slain her sleeping husband in their home.



The little home on West Main st., Ware, where Rudolph Bouvier was blasted to death with a shotgun in 1942. Relatives of Beatrice Bouvier on their way to court: Her sons, Rudolph, Jr. (left), Gerald and their grandparents.

went upstairs. In the hall was the husband's single barrel, 12-gauge shotgun with its muzzle just extending over the bedroom doorsill.

On the bed lay Bouvier, stretched out as if he were asleep. He wasn't asleep; he was dead.

Labier ran to call the police. Chief Bartholomew Buckley arrived at 2:30. He saw at once that Bouvier had been killed by a shotgun blast, and there was

baby—a son—was born there on the day her husband was being buried.

At about that moment the police became interested in Joseph Hare, 40, the father of four children and the son of the lady who lived in the Bouviers' basement.

Two days later, Mrs. Bouvier gave a more complete version of what had happened when her husband had been killed.

It was the story to which she

stuck all through her trial; the story that the Supreme Court has now accepted as fact.

She said that she went up to the bathroom 15 minutes after her husband had retired.

He was asleep and snoring. She saw the shotgun propped up against the bedroom wall and thought it might be dangerous to leave it there.

She tried to take it away and there was a tremendous blast

as the gun accidentally discharged itself.

Two weeks later the chief came back to the hospital room on another and more unpleasant errand. He arrested Beatrice Bouvier and took her to court. There, while her new baby, Mark Milton Bouvier, placidly sucked his thumb as a nurse held him, Mrs. Bouvier pleaded not guilty in a loud, clear voice.

Mrs. Bouvier's attorney, Daniel O'Brien of Northampton, moved for her discharge on the ground that the Commonwealth had not shown probable cause. The motion was denied.

ON FEBRUARY 15, Beatrice Bouvier was indicted for first-degree murder. On April 26, her trial opened at Northampton, with the courtroom full of Smith College girls and the chapel bell at Smith sounding away the slow hours.

The first witnesses were very damaging indeed to Beatrice Bouvier in her black dress with the white lace collar.

Most damaging of all was Joe Hare. Bitterly dressed, he seemed disposed to tell everything. Yes, he had been in the habit of visiting Mrs. Bouvier once or twice a week. He told of alleged intimacies with her and said he believed he was the father of her third child.

On the Thursday before the shooting, he said, one of the Bouvier children brought him a note and asked him if he would please buy a quarter's worth of arsenic. Joe said he wrote a note back saying arsenic was a deadly poison and couldn't be bought.

FINALLY, Beatrice Bouvier, quite calm and cool, took the stand herself.

No, Joe Hare certainly was not the father of her child, and she flatly denied all his testimony. She had always loved her husband, she said, and still did at the time of his death.

Then, when she was asked to describe events on the night her husband was killed, her testimony became very clear and concise.

Her husband had returned unexpectedly from a deer hunting trip. He had eaten out and come home very early in the morning. He had gone upstairs to bed, and 15 minutes later she had gone to the bathroom.

She could see her husband lying in bed with his head on the pillow. She noticed the gun resting against the wall. She decided to remove it for safety's sake.

"I stepped into the bedroom. I went to take the gun out. I noticed my husband's clothes in a pile on the floor, so I kicked them aside and seized the gun. All I can remember is that as I turned, I bumped into something and the gun went off."

THOSE FEW simple words are part of the basis of the Supreme Court decision which has now freed her.

They didn't free her then. The jury received the case at 4:47 on May 8, 1943.

They were out 19 hours—long, long hours for Beatrice Bouvier. She was almost worn out when the jurors filed in at 11:50 a. m. "Guilty of manslaughter," the foreman said as Smith's chapel bell began to toll outside.

Ironically enough, it was the morning of Mother's Day.

It took a year and a month to reverse that verdict, but now Beatrice Bouvier is free to go out into the world again with her baby by her side.



THE VAIN, domineering, and utterly cruel mistress of Csejthe, ever on the watch for new beauty aids, put the man after she had drunk a maid who was com-

ing, the regions where the blood had touched looked fresher, more beautiful. This may have been due to the red coloring of its vigorous fullness or to more supple skin and more color. At any rate, this experience, according to the tales handed down to us over the centuries, started the mistress of Csejthe, Elisabeth Bathory, on the practice of bathing in maid blood.

It would be quite a story, so, perhaps as many as 100 girls had been taken from life's blood for madame's bath. But the fact is that, before very long, the blood became merely an incidental by-product.

ELISABETH, born in 1560, was a descendant of one of the most prominent families in Eastern Europe. Originally named Cukiedel, they had migrated from Sweden to Hungary in the 13th century, probably at the invitation of the current ruler, and had prospered greatly. They took the name Bathory from the town of Batyr, which was given them by the Crown.

They excelled in war and peace. They gained vast feudal estates. For generations they reigned over the Province of Transylvania. Bathorys became generals, bishops and chief justices, and they achieved their glory in 1586, when they were not only a great prince of Transylvania but also King of Poland.

But like many fine families, not all the Bathorys were able and unspiced, particularly in the latter generations of their predominance. Some were degenerates, some were mad.

Clara, an aunt of Countess Elisabeth, murdered her husband, Steven, an uncle (not the prince and king), was a half-wit who traveled in a sleigh in summer as well as winter. Elisabeth's own parents, George and Anna, were extremely tricky characters who enjoyed variety in their lives.

AS a child, Elisabeth was betrothed to Francis Nadassy, son of another important family, whose estate embraced 17 feudal hamlets. (The Nadassys were of English ancestry; most of the aristocratic families of Hungary were of foreign origin, having been invited to settle and govern the country.) Frank's father, Thomas, was the Royal Governor of Hungary.

In order that the young couple should get better acquainted, each other, the Bathory girl went to live with the Nadassy family at the Castle of Csejthe, and when they were married, May 8, 1575, it was a great event. King Maximilian was represented at the ceremony, and sent the newlyweds a gilded wine cup.

After 10 years of childless marriage, Elisabeth and Frank had four children, three girls and a boy. Nadassy, famous for his brute strength, remained a soldier all his life, fighting the Turks. (He died in 1604, aged 60.) The Countess, luckily much of the time, lived a more and more retired life, for she did not get along with other high-born women of her own circle.

AS THE years slipped by, she grew more and more vain. She changed her dress several times a day, and did her hair differently every few hours. She had a high forehead, beaming intelligence, large blue eyes, a sharp nose, and "thick, lustful lips." Her hands were

WEREWOLF Of Csejthe

By PETER LEVINS



The market place at Csejthe has not changed much since the Countess dispatched her accomplices throughout the countryside in search of victims and blood.



Contemporary painting shows Countess Elisabeth Bathory of Csejthe as she looked in her younger years.

long and slender and usually encrusted with jewels.

We have related how, according to historians, madame decided human blood was good for her skin. It is further related that she had an iron virgin, a familiar instrument of medieval torture, constructed for her pleasure. This gadget took the form of a hinged, hollowed-out statue, well studded inside with spikes. The inserted victim gradually dies as the Virgin is closed and the six-inch spikes reach vital spots.

As stated, the blood was a by-product.

Elisabeth's first accomplice, in this connection, was an old woman named Mrs. Darcula, who established herself at Csejthe Castle in 1584, when the Countess was 34.

Subsequent accomplices included Mrs. Jona Joo, widow of Steve Nagy, a nurse, Catherine Beniczky, Mrs. John Boda, a washerwoman, and (in 1606)

Dorothy Szentes, another widow. These not only helped gather peasant girls but assisted in their tortures, which took a variety of forms.

IN THE beginning, it was easy enough to lure victims to the castle, but in time the villagers became terrified by the incessant disappearances.

Even so, poverty compelled many poor, gullible girls to accept work at the castle. Once within the walls, they were surely doomed.

The Countess committed her sadistic cruelties under the pretense of disciplining the servants for some piece of mischief, such as stealing a pear, or a small coin, or for marring a dress while ironing. She was very particular how her white shirt collars were pleated; once she pressed the glowing iron against the face of a girl who had burned a collar.

According to the testimony of

John Ujvary, a member of the household staff, he personally murdered 37 girls. He also buried five in a ditch and two in the castle garden.

HUNGARY at the time of our story was a devastated country, as it has been many times since. Public security hardly existed. Robber bands roamed the countryside. With violence, superstition and ignorance went hand in hand. Elisabeth, living among ignorant peasants, was as superstitious as any of them.

Her pet superstition was the supernatural power of black cats. She possessed an incantation from an old witch that enabled her to invoke the aid of 90 black cats, who would appear at her bidding and destroy her enemies. She believed that, in her hour of peril, all she had to do was recite the following words:

"Help me, ye clouds. Ye clouds stand by me, that Elisabeth Bathory should suffer no pains but remain healthy and unharmed. Send, send, ye powerful clouds, 90 cats. I command you, king of the cats, to order your cats to gather wherever they are—on the hills, in the water, on the roofs or on the other side of the ocean. Let these 90 cats come and tear out the heart of the King and of the Royal Governor, and also of the Chief Justice, that they should not be able to harm Elisabeth Bathory, Saint Trinity, protect me!"

As a reserve weapon she had another incantation which she was expected to recite while beating a black hen with a white stick.

However, Madame could not hope to keep her crimes secret. Servants fled and talked. Some of the tortured girls managed to escape while they still had the use of their legs. The local priests preached sermons against the mistress of Csejthe, and petitioned the authorities to rid the people of this werewolf.

FINALLY, King Matthias got wind of the situation and saw a double opportunity: (1) to punish the Countess and (2) to confiscate the Bathory wealth. (The Royal Treasury had become sadly depleted.) But Elisabeth had powerful relatives. The Royal Governor, Count George Thurzo, who had jurisdiction over her—she was above common courts—was a friend of the family and a relative as well.

In the end, however, Thurzo realized that the horrors of

Csejthe could not be covered up any longer. He saw that he would have to put a stop to the scandal before the people of the region rose up in revolt.

When Elisabeth learned of his decision, she became panic-stricken and immediately thought of her magical cure. But to her horror, she discovered that she had misplaced the Slovak text of the incantation. She had to send for a fresh copy.

However, the cats must have been off on another assignment, for the Royal Governor so forth for Csejthe Castle, and nothing, animal, vegetable or mineral, halted his steady progress.

Elisabeth sent for another witch, at the little town of Miami. From this witch she got a formula which suggested that the Countess bathe in water, then have a cake baked with this water, and this cake, in turn, was to be served to Count Thurzo upon his arrival at the castle. Once he had eaten of the cake, the prosecutor would surely wither away and die.

The frantic mistress made such a cake and tried it on the servants, but they got nothing more than stomach-aches. She had to conclude that the charm wasn't very good.

SUDDENLY, on Dec. 13, 1610, Thurzo appeared at the castle with an armed retinue and seized Elisabeth and her accomplices. According to the testimony, one girl's body was found in the house, another was dying of many wounds, a third was sitting in the basement, bleeding to death.

Many others, it was said, were locked behind strong doors in the cellars of the castle, awaiting their day of suffering.

Thurzo formed a court of 14 from the local officials and from his retinue. This court after due procedure and taking of testimony under oath, sentenced John Ujvary to death by decapitation, then to the bloodless head and body assembled, thrown on the stake and burned.

Mrs. Jona Joo and Dorothy Szentes also died, though not so quickly. The hangman tore their fingers, one by one, out of their hands, and then burned the two women over a slow fire.

Catherine Beniczky, who had displayed a feeling of sympathy for the victims, and otherwise exhibited signs of not having her heart in her assignments, was given an indeterminate prison sentence. (She had once been beaten by the Countess for giving food to an exhausted victim.)

AS FOR Elisabeth herself, no formal sentence was passed against her, for two reasons. First, the family wished to prevent the Crown from claiming the fabulous Bathory estates. Secondly, Elisabeth's son and sons-in-law wished to avoid the shame on their names "for the cruelties unheard of since the creation of the world and for the tyranny against mankind committed by the accused," according to the words of the judgment.

The King finally had to consent to this, for he knew that he could not pit his will against the stubborn class solidarity of Hungary's feudal aristocrats.

Accordingly, Elisabeth was treated as an insane person.

She was placed in solitary confinement in a small room in the castle. She was never permitted out of this room. She never had visitors. She had her meals through a narrow window. Meanwhile, at the royal governor's order, four gallows were erected at the four corners of the castle as a reminder to the people of the crimes committed by the prisoner.

It is related that she slowly went insane.

She remained in confinement for four and a half years. No more was allowed to see her or console her. Then, on Aug. 21, 1614, she died suddenly "without the cross and without light."

Boston Social Whirl

By THE CHAPERON

FREEDOM'S VOICES WILL BE RAISED IN SONG tonight in Symphony Hall, and weeks of active interest on the part of groups, representing eleven invaded countries will reach a climax when "Let Freedom Ring," Fay Roope's musical pageant, featuring the forbidden songs of the underground is presented under the auspices of the United Nations Ass'n, 40 Mt. Vernon st. William M. Agar will speak and William Emerson will preside.

Among those planning to attend are Mr. and Mrs. Morton P. Pence, Mr. and Mrs. Seth T. Ginn, Mrs. Sedgewick Marquand, Mrs. Lars Anderson, Dr. Fanna Eorn Andrews, Oscar E. Poline, Mrs. Somers Fraser, Dr. and Mrs. Joseph Fischer, Mr. and Mrs. Jerome D. Greene, Mrs. Marion Lawrence Higgins, Mrs. A. L. West Mowus, Mr. and Mrs. Irving G. Tomlinson, Mr. and Mrs. Max Ulin, Mr. and Mrs. Duhan M. Vuyovich, Miss Sarah Wambaugh and Miss Mary Caroline Hardy.

ONE OF June's loveliest brides was Elizabeth Mary Collins, whose marriage to William Montague Colbert was solemnized in Malden's Church of the Immaculate Conception, with Rev. Lawrence P. Landrigan, of Cumberland, Md. (uncle of the bridegroom) officiating at the nuptial mass, which was followed by a reception at the Kenmore.

The bride... daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James M. Collins of Malden... was preceded altarward by three attendants, her sister, Mrs. William T. Spellman (Grace Collins) as matron of honor, and Marian T. Berrigan of Malden, and Mary L. Murdock of Buffalo, N. Y., bridesmaids. Lt. John Landrigan, Army Ordnance, journeyed up from Houston, Texas, to perform best man duties for his cousin, whose ushers were Lt. William O'Connor, of Chicago, Ill., and Reuben Dick, of Champagne, Ill., both instructors of Army Aeronautics at Yale.

The former Miss Collins was a most attractive bride in gown of white marquise and chan-



MRS. WILLIAM AUSTIN FINN
Lockwood Studios

of honor, wore chartreuse crepe and matching chapeau. Also serving the bride on her wedding day were Julia Finn (the bridegroom's sister), Helen Finnegan, Jamaica Plain; Mrs. Justin Connor, Newton; Mrs. Robert Bruce and Mrs. William Casey, Brookline, and Mrs. John McCormick, Philadelphia. They were frocked alike in gray crepe, with headresses of chartreuse chiffon adorned with matching feather flowers.

PFC Joseph Finn, U. S. Army, was best man for his brother, whose usher staff included Justin Connor, Walter Timilty, William Casey, Robert Ware and Ernest Kelley.

MRS. FRANK O'DONNELL of Needham and North Scituate was hostess at a gay cocktail party at the Ritz-Carlton the other evening... the occasion a reunion of her classmates at St. Charles High School, Woburn. The guests included Mrs. John L. Doherty, Mrs. William Moyn, Mrs. John Shea, Mrs. William Dever, Mrs. Leo Keating, Mrs. Martin Foley, Mary Degnan, Marion L. Jones, Gertrude McLaughlin, Emily Gregory, Harriet Paine, Julia Haverly and Helen Veronica Doherty.

SNAPSHOT: Mrs. John E. Yerxa and Mrs. Daniel Frost Constock... both in Navy outfits... chatting on Arlington st... Mrs. Charles Henderson Matz being fitted to a gay summer print at one of our smart uptown shops... Mrs. Frank McCarthy and her charming daughter, Hope... in from Medfield for a tour of the shops... smooth gray outfit on the former... blonde and brown-eyed Hope in brown and white print and brimmed brown chapeau... Polly Collier dancing in the Coppy-Plaza's Oval Room... Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Graham, Jr., at same spot... dusty pink hat with the latter's black crepe... Sue Wigglesworth meeting friends in the Ritz bar... Mrs. Daniel Sullivan and her son, Dick, of the USNR, luncheon in the Statler's popular Terrace Room... Rosemond "Daisy" Almy... Bob Almy's popular postdeb... departing from Junior League headquarters... Mrs. Robert F. Herrick... in black ensemble... window-gazing along Boylston.

MISS ROSE WALSH was luncheon hostess on Monday at the Sister Terrace Room, in honor of Maureen O'Donnell, sub-deb daughter of the Frank J. O'Donnells of Needham and North Scituate.



MRS. WILLIAM COLBERT
Joseph Brannetti Photo

tily lace over satin, fashioned with long train and her finger-tip bridal veil fell in soft folds from a pearl-trimmed lace cap.

The bridegroom... son of Mrs. William Colbert, and the late Mr. Colbert of Melrose is a graduate of Maiden Catholic High, Salem Teachers' College and the Army Air Force Technical School, Chanute Field. He is now an instructor of Army aeronautics at Yale, and he and his bride will make their home in New Haven.

AT A FASHIONABLE wedding in St. Mary's Church, Brookline, Dorothy Mary Woodbury, daughter of Mrs. Roswell Yates Woodbury and the late Mr. Woodbury of Brookline, became the bride of William Austin Finn of Dorchester. Dorothy, a popular member of Boston's famous Ace of Clubs, looked exceedingly lovely in gown of blush pink beaded satin and veil of matching tulle. The bridal bouquet was of pink butterfly orchids.

Mrs. Wallace Timilty, matron

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Junior League Courses Keep Provisionals Busy

By ALICE WILLIAMS

DURING THE WEEK JUST OVER, NINETY-seven Junior League "Provisionals" . . . most of them recruited from Beantown's brand new debutante flock . . . have been reporting daily at J. L. headquarters, Zero Marlboro st., where they have been extremely busy with the required "provisional" course.

This, by the way, is a very important essential, and the girls must satisfactorily complete the various phases of it before becoming full-fledged Junior Leaguers, and that won't be until next spring. In the meantime the "Provisional" will be busy with volunteer work.



MRS. EDWARD EARLE MacCOURT of Needham, one of our attractive young marrieds, is glimpsed about at all the smart social affairs.

for the war effort. As a matter of fact, Red Cross activities, including the Flood Donor Center and the Nurses Aide Division, claim about 20 per cent of the

new group. Some of them are enrolled in the Women's Land Army . . . several are entering nursing schools, and one ambitious gal is completing her required number of flying hours, so that she may join the WAFS.

Yes, indeed, these future members of Boston's Junior League . . . who have just been graduated from our provisional and very busy schools . . . are deeply concerned with doing their particular bit for their country at war . . . so, you see, they won't be much time for social butterflying in Beantown's 1944-45 bad crop . . . and that's exactly as it should be.

SPECIAL ORCHIDS to the splendid women . . . headed by Mrs. John W. Myers and Mrs. H. Parker Whittington . . . who, for the past seventeen years have sponsored the popular series of Boston Morning Musicales for a most worthy cause. Indeed . . . Boston's School of Occupational Therapy, which is now a vital unit of the great war program, with increased demands for graduates pouring into the school from army, navy, and civilian hospitals.

The opening concert is set for Wednesday morning, Nov. 15 in the Statler's Imperial Ballroom, with James Melton presenting the program. Yehudi Menuhin will be guest artist on Nov. 29; Helen Traubel on Dec. 13; Ezio Pinza on Jan. 10. Alexander Brailowsky, Feb. 7, and the final concert, on March 7, will be given by Lucia Albanese.

Always forehanded, Mrs. Myers and Mrs. Whittington, and members of the executive committee, including Mrs. William Emerson Barrett, Mrs. John A. Greene, Miss Harriet A. Robinson and Mrs. Theodore T. Whitney, Jr., have completed the new duty assignments for the coming season, and here they are.

Mrs. Hesterly Foster chairs the hostess group, aided and abetted by Mrs. Samuel C. Bennett. Mrs. William C. Cox will direct the usher staff, the ballroom doors will be expertly guarded by Mrs. Robert Cushing Terry and Mrs. James A. Hutchinson, Jr.; Mrs. W. Prescott Rogers and Mrs. Herbert W. Kelley will be in charge of ticket-takers; programs will be distributed under the guidance of Mrs. William Emerson Barrett and Mrs. C. Stewart Black; Mrs. John E. Lawrence and Mrs. Arthur W. Allen are to be hostesses to pourers; general information will be dispensed by Mrs. Walter E. Carl, with Mrs. Frederic W. Mattheis giving out information regarding subscriptions; Mrs. J. Lloyd Greene heads the committee on ribbons; held tickets are Miss Louise Coburn's particular problem, and Mrs. Charles T. Gilbert will again be looking after tickets for Uncle Sam's armed forces.

WORKING TIRELESSLY to help put Uncle Sammy's 5th War Loan drive over the top are the members of Boston's League of Catholic Women, Mrs. Vincent L. Greene, president.

For the past two years League members, under the direction of Mrs. Frederic W. Sheehan (first v. p.) have been busily engaged in the sale of war bonds and stamps throughout the city.

Mrs. Sheehan's booth captains include Miss Mary Healey, Mrs. Alfred Harris, Mrs. Joseph L. Burke, Mrs. Daniel J. Mahony, Mrs. William A. Downing, Miss Dorothy Kudoke, Mrs. Leo MacDonnell, Mrs. Joseph Cavanagh and Mrs. John W. Walsh.



MORTON HAMILTON of New York . . . one of Uncle Sammy's young apprentice seamen . . . sits out a dance with Ann Phelps one of our brand new debutantes . . . at a recent soiree. Ann . . . daughter of the Nelson Dwight Phelps of Wayland . . . is a provisional member of Boston's Junior League.

Mrs. Vincent Greene Tea Hostess

MEMBERS of the Junior Volunteer Committee of Boston's League of Catholic Women were honor guests at the tea which Mrs. Vincent L. Greene, League president, and Mrs. Arthur J. Conlon, senior chairman of the volunteers, gave early in

the week at League House.

Peggy Kellher of Belmont, the new chairman, will be assisted by Anne Birmingham, vice-chairman; Bernadette Beatty, secretary, and Jane Sullivan, treasurer.

Radcliffe Alumnae

HIGHLIGHT of Saturday's alumnae dinner concluding commencement festivities at Radcliffe College, will be presentation of the Ada Louise Constock scholarship fund in honor of Mrs. Wallace Nusslein, president emerita of Radcliffe, as a tribute from alumnae and friends outside of the college.

The scholarship, awarded next year for the first time, will be given as the outstanding financial award to an undergraduate, and alumnae are striving to complete the fund before the announcement, which will be made at the dinner by Mrs. William A. Muller of the Alumnae Fund Committee.

In spite of a streamlined commencement program of two days, every alumnae class from the year 1885 to the present will be represented at the dinner to be held at the Copley Plaza Hotel at 6:45.

Several alumnae luncheons will precede the commencement ceremony at 2 o'clock in the First Church in Cambridge (Congregational) on Saturday, and alumnae, as well as the graduating class have been invited to a reception following commencement at Greenleaf House, the home of President and Mrs. Jordan.

Alumnae activities will open Friday evening with the Graduate Chapter supper at Briston Hall.



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Club Clippings

By MADAME CHAIRMAN

MEETING AT THE HEADQUARTERS AT 6 BEA-

CON ST., the Business and Professional Women's Republican Club of Massachusetts elected their officers for the coming year.

Carolyn LaVers of Boston will head the club and serving on her board are: M. Grayce Lawrence, Swampscott; Beatrice Woodman, Boston; and Josephine Harrison, Jamaica Plain, vice-presidents; Marjorie A. Estes, Beverly; treasurer: E. May Sager, Dorchester; recording secretary, and A. Linda Campbell, Milton, auditor.

Chairmen of outstanding committees are Mrs. Effie Flood Kent, Brookline, education; Mrs. F. MacKinnon, Auburndale, finance; Elizabeth Twomey, Watertown, friendship; Mrs. C. C. Downer, Watertown, hospitality; Mrs. Raymond W. Wheeler, Malden, and Mrs. S. M. Johnson, Allston, legislative; Mrs. Helen Constance Nagle, Brookline, membership; Mrs. Mary LeLuca, Boston, Arlington, music; Eleanor F. Wheeler, Milton, publicity; and Mrs. Elizabeth W. Jacob, East Boston, radio.

REPRESENTATIVES FROM patriotic societies all over New England were present at the Hotel Vendome during the week when the National Society, Daughters of the American Colonists, dedicated its four war projects at a luncheon presided over by Mrs. Loren Edgar Rex, national president.

In charge of the affair were Louise Lovell of Roxbury and Mrs. Charles Douglas McCarthy. Featured attraction of the afternoon was the presentation of three ambulances to the American Field Service and a clubmobile for use by the American Red Cross.

PREPARING AN INTERESTING program for the Mattapan-Black Woman's Club during the coming year is the newly-elected president, Catherine M. McHugh. The officers will include Mrs. Stanley M. Coopers, Mrs. Thomas Somers and Mrs. Ernest R. Howe, vice-presidents; Catherine M. Browne, treasurer; Mrs. George Spencer, corresponding secretary; Marie Collins, recording secretary; Nettie Hall, business manager; Nellie Paul, custodian, and Mary Conley, press chairman.



MRS. HENRY W. LUNDQUIST, the former Anastasia Kirby of 48 Merrill rd., Watertown, who became the bride of Lt. Henry W. Lundquist, USN, of Wilcox rd., Dorchester, on last Sunday at Our Lady of Mercy Church, Belmont. (Nash Photo.)

Amos Auxiliary Charity Projects

MRS. ELLEN CINAMON, president of the Amos Auxiliary, Bnai Brith, reports that the organization has contributed to the following worthy causes: Ambulance, U. S. Army; Visitation Camp Devens; War Service; American Red Cross, Russian War Relief, Chelsea Naval Hospital, and Bnai Brith projects.

Making plans for the 5th War Loan Drive, now in progress is Mrs. Ethel Kaufman, chairman of War Services Committee.

Emmanuel Alumnae Officers' Dance

AN OFFICERS' dance was held last evening at the Hotel Statler by the class of '41 of Emmanuel College, under the chairmanship of Anne McCarthy.

Assisting on the committee were Eileen Kelley, Margaret Gargan, Barbara McNamara, Frances Murphy, Jeanne Deloria, Elsie Brady and Geraldine Kish.

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(B) Cool, button-front dress in light-weight rayon crepe. Green, luggage or blue with white flowers. Sizes 38 to 44.

Jubilee of Quota Club

THE QUOTA CLUB celebrated its jubilee on June 15, 1944, at the International Hotel. The club, which was organized in 1914, will hold its 30th anniversary celebration on Thursday, June 22, at the same place.

It will be the first gathering of Quota Clubs in two years, as it was suspended last year at a moment in the war. At the time, the club was suspended for war work. The club is now active and is planning to hold a similar celebration in 1945.

"Bunny Hug" Scuffs at Wilbar's, \$2.98



We've just received another shipment of these fluffy, feminine slippers that you like so well... pink, turquoise, royal blue, red or wine rayon plush with white bunny fur collar, elastic back strap and leather sole. 4 to 9, no coupon necessary. \$2.98. Wilbar's is at 135 Tremont Street, downtown, and 133 Beacon Street at Coolidge Corner. Mail and phone orders filled.

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Women in The Service

By EDNA M. CONLAN

Helen Edelstein, railroadman's daughter, recently enjoyed a leave at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hyman Edelstein, 641 Haverhill St., Lawrence, where she celebrated her 24th birthday. She is stationed with the WAVES at the Naval Air Station in Annapolis, Washington, D. C. Her brother, Milton, is in the Army.

WAVE Ernest P. Ferro, 16, of 57 Hurley St., Cambridge, has been assigned to the office of chief of naval operations in Washington, D. C., where she serves as a translator of Portuguese. She attended Boston College graduate school and is the sister of Mrs. M. Ferro of Stonham.

Recently betrothed was WAVE Lt. (jg) Rosemarie Battly, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Albert Battly of Wakefield, whose engagement to Capt. Russell H. Lowry, U. S. M. C., son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Lowry of Crystal Falls, Michigan.

Lt. Mary Margaret Lewis, ANC, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Lewis of Cambridge, is engaged to wed Capt. Charles E. Berry, U. S. A., son of Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Berry of Holliston. The bride-to-be is a graduate of St. Mary's School, Cambridge, and the Cambridge Hospital School of Nursing. Her fiancé is an alumnus of Boston College.

Transferred to Oglethorpe, Georgia, is Air WAC Cpl. Anne Sloper, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Sloper, 46 Garrison rd., Brookline. Formerly she served at the Carlsbad Army Air Field, Carlsbad, New Mexico.



MARJORIE LOCKE (l.-r.), of Amesbury, graduates this week from Nason College, Springfield, Maine, shown with Greta Jordan of Lynn, elected president of Junior Class and Dramatic Club, and Marilyn Bruce of Melrose, also a member of the '44.

Graduation in Maine

AMONG THE BAY STATE'S representatives at Nason College, Springfield, Me., were 15 graduates who heard Dr. Worcester Warren, of Boston University, deliver the commencement address.

The graduates included: Beverly B. Bruce, Harriet Thyberg, Virginia E. Wood, Marilyn E. Bruce and Jean E. McLeitch, all of Melrose.

Edith Hayes, Sterling; Jane S. Hayes, New Bedford; Elizabeth A. Shinnery, Medford; Barbara Barnes, Wollaston; Mary V. Deacon, Quincy; Justine Bishop, Marblehead; Phyllis L. Carlson, Weymouth; Lorna M. Grant, Arlington; Virginia A. Stevens, Cummington, and Georgia B. Thayer, Florence.

Notre Dame Alumnae Receive Graduates

FITTON NOTRE DAME alumnae will entertain the members of the '44 class as its guests tomorrow evening at the 43d annual reunion and banquet in Fitton Hall at 7 p. m.

Mary F. Needham, president, will serve as general chairman and Catherine Abner, as toastmaster. Rev. John Gaven, S. J., is guest speaker.

Gloucester Club Presents Revue

ST. ANNE'S CATHOLIC Women's Club of Gloucester will present "Those Were the Days," a Gay Nineties revue, tomorrow and Tuesday in St. Ann's Hall under the direction of Madeline Selig of the Gloucester High School faculty.

A performance for the children of the parish will be given this afternoon.

Italian Juniors Install Board

THIS AFTERNOON the Junior League of the Women's Italian Club will hold their annual installation of officers at the Copley-Plaza Hotel, under the chairmanship of Constance Pulvirenti and Elaine Vanelli. Among the board to take office are Jean LaMacchia, president; Helen Sorrentino, 1st vice-president; Josephine Pohl, 2nd vice-president; Pauline DiTullio, recording secretary; Nathalie Zuffante, treasurer, and Mary Pohl, auditor.

Special guests will include Mrs. Samuel Tomasello, retiring president of the Women's Italian Club, and Marjorie Burns, of the State Federation.

Keefe-Marrin Nuptials in Salem

MR. AND MRS. FRANCIS E. MARRIN, of Salem, announces the marriage of their daughter, Ruth, to John J. Keefe, son of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Keefe, Temple st., Arlington, on Saturday, June 10, in the Immaculate Conception Church, Salem.

Katherine G. Marrin, sister of the bride, served as maid of honor and the bridesmaids included Anita R. Martineau and June Hadley. Joseph G. Keefe was best man for his brother and John McCarthy and William Santos were ushers.

Beauty

By RUTH MUGGLEBEE

SEVEN drops to facial loveliness. You wouldn't think that only seven wee drops of a precious oil could do so much, yet these seven drops on the seven focal facial points gently pressed with fingertips into the skin will immediately give the appearance of youth to the skin, that young, alive-look which no many of us getting-older girls need.

This velvet-skin oil is as precious as a jewel and should be used as sparingly as perfume, and only seven drops are needed for a complete beauty treatment, used as a lining before making up, or for overnight work as you toss about in your dreams, without a worry about its transfer to the pillow.

Do you have "thinning lines" in the danger spots of your face, around the eyes, forehead, mouth and neck? Just a piece of leather takes on wrinkles from constant creasing, so does the face reflect depressions from certain facial habits, even though they may be from laughter, worry or tears. And these facial depressions constitute that mature-look, that over-thirty appearance.

Yet, thirty, forty or fifty, your face could never be lovelier if you subscribe to the seven drops to beauty treatment which softens a dry, withered, aged skin and injects a youthful elasticity of freshness and firmness.

Scientifically prepared by an eminent scientist, its priceless formula is a hidden treasure except to the makers of this velvet-skin oil. Its name specifically implies a skin smooth as velvet and what it will do for a withering skin is truly magical.

The skin needs the organic elements found in fruits and vegetables and sunshine, and when the blood stream doesn't assimilate these elements so necessary for the pliability of the skin it becomes devalitized and stretched and dry. And it is the outer layer of skin we can do something about, for the inner layer is cared for by the blood. So we assist nature by applying to the skin these seven precious drops of oil which gives the skin pliability, elasticity and the desirable moisture that makes the skin youthful in appearance.

For the name of this seven drops of oil beauty treatment, phone the Beauty Dept., Liberty 4000, or write me, care of the Sunday Advertiser, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Mrs. Thomas Child Heads Guild

AT THE RECENT luncheon of the Guild of the Holy Name, at the Copley-Plaza, Mrs. Thomas E. Child was installed as the new president.

Also taking over new posts in the West Roxbury organization are Mrs. Edward M. McDonough, vice president; Mrs. Maurice H. Flanagan, recording secretary; Mrs. John T. Bowers, corresponding secretary; Mrs. John Muleahy, treasurer; Mrs. William F. Kane, auditor, and Mrs. William B. Wood, chairman of entertainment.

Just one of the Summer Handbags!

It's \$5—others from \$3.98 All plus tax

at
Leeds
35 Winter St.

STRAHAN WALLPAPERS
Colonial Reproductions
CREAMER—TUPPER
CONCORD. See them in their many luscious colorings before repapering.

BEAUTY DURABILITY
TONTINE
WASHABLE
without color



BETTY GRABLE is the "Pin-Up Girl" of your dreams in the merry musical at the Met.

International News Service
HOLLYWOOD, JUNE 17

Continued on Page 13

SYMPHONY MALL—COM. 1492
EVERY NIGHT EXCEPT SUNDAY
POPS
ARTHUR FIEDLER—Conductor
Tickets .35, .60, \$1.00, \$1.50 Tax Inc.

WON CHARLES BOYER
MEDY LAMARR
ALGIENS
DON AMECHE
HEAVEN CAN WAIT

TRANS-LUX
BEST SIDE "Follow The Leader"
KIDS
ALLEN LANE "CALL OF THE WILD"

Winners get a pretty girl and a swell feed at the R. & R. Losers get such consolation prizes as free theater tickets and various gifts.

On the same bill the laughs are provided by "Hay Foot," a rousing Hal Roach comedy with Eugene Conrad, Edward Sea-brook, Bill Tracey, Joe Sawyer and Elyse Knox in leading roles.

c. The **RKO BOSTON**
ALL IN PERSON!

The **RKO BOSTON**
ALL IN PERSON!
BOBBY SHERWOOD and his **ORCH.**
Columbia P.O. Radio Pictures Inc.
MARGO **ANNE ROONEY**
RUFF DAVIS
ON SCREEN!
DONALD O'CONNOR
"CHIMP OFF THE OLD BLOCK"

**AUTHENTIC PICTURES OF THE
INVASION AT BOTH RKO THEATRES**

KEITH MEMORIAL
CAREFULLY COOLED

2nd WEEK
*Broadway's Greats
and Glam'ers!*

**SHOW
BUSINESS**

Starring
Eddie CANTOR
Jean DAVIS
George MURPHY
Nancy KELLY
CONSTANCE MOORE

CO-OP
"YELLOW CANARY" Richard Greene
Starts WEDNESDAY
in GLORIOUS TECHNICOLOR!
HOME IN INDIANA
WALTER BRENNAN
SEE MORE BOMBS AT TWO THEATRES

The soloists of the week will be Elizabeth Scher on Monday, Harold Rubens on Tuesday, Leo Litwin on Wednesday and Friday, Eugene List on Thursday and Frederick Link on Saturday. There will be no Sunday

C The Cool **7th UPROARIOUS WEEK!**
COLONIAL
JOHN GOLDEN'S LAUGH-SPREE!
3 IS A FAMILY
By Phoebe and Henry Ephron
**SUMMER PRICES!**
NIGHTS—BARGAIN BALCONY, \$1, \$1.50
NIGHTS—2nd Balcony 75c; Orchestra \$2—All Plus Tax
SEVEN P.M. SAT. 75c, \$1, \$1.50

INCOMPARABLE!

7th WEEK!

Franz Werfel's
**THE SONG OF
BERNADETTE**

with **JENNIFER JONES**
in her Academy Award
Winning Performance!

29
CENTS PER COPY

EXTRA! AUTHENTIC!
Actual Detective Scenes at
"Jewelry of France"

LOEW'S
STATE & ORPHEUM

Dance - Orpheum 12:45 & 8 p.
Dance - State 12:45 & 8 p.

HELD OVER 22 WEEKS!

CHARLES BOYER
INGRID BERGMAN
JOSEPH COTTEN

Gaslight

—title—

PERFECT! "GORGEOUS MOVIE"
M-G-M's "Scratchell Critique"

Buy War-Bond at Loew's,
receive Free Ticket for
"Dr. Wassell" Premium
at "Met" Monday.

• SHUBERT MAJESTIC •
CAMBRIDGE SUMMER THEATRE
BRATTLE HALL. TEL. 146

GAYETY
NOW • PLAYING
STOLEN PARADISE
A RKO PICTURE
AN ADOLPH ZUKOR PRODUCTION
CASTING BY ROBERT ALTON
MUSIC BY MAX YERGAN
DIRECTED BY ROBERT ALTON
COURTESY A. S. N. THEATRE CO.

CO-IT
JOAN DAVIS
THE
LATINS
FROM
RAMATTA

SUNDAY ADVERTISER PICTORIAL REVIEW
BOSTON, SUN., JUNE 18, 1944—Page 22

'3 Is Family' Lingers On

By JOYCE DANA
Drama Editor

AN EFFECTIVE lesson for inexperienced young mothers is to be found in that ever so funny John Golden show, "3 Is a Family," which tomorrow enters its 7th week at the Colonial. Incidentally, the Colonial management is bragging that "3 Is a Family" is all that is left now of the legitimate season.

This threeset laughalo is concerned with the adventures of a young Air bride who has been "home" to her parents' small apartment, which is only barely adequate for the care of an infant, when her husband goes into the Army.

THE AUTHORS, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Johnson, who are parents of a two-year-old child, evidently had some experience of their own when they wrote this play. For any implication about the two comedians, or in their play is so fearful that some of the audience here or mothers who are home on leave from the service, that the play is a comedy. As for the play, it is a comedy of the first class. It is a comedy of the first class. It is a comedy of the first class.

This diagnosis is proved correct when, later on, a doctor comes to look at the baby, who is definitely ill, and prescribes some sleeping tablets for the baby, however, but for the mother.

"Take two of these before going to bed at night, and give that baby a chance to get some rest on her own."

When the "mom" sees how tired looking the baby is, she asks: "What have you been doing to her?"

"Just taking care of her," says the baby's mother.

"Mother let her shift for herself," says the doctor.

There are many other pieces of sound advice in this new play which has been produced by John Golden.

"Uncertain Glory"

Errol Flynn and Paul Lukas starred in "Uncertain Glory," adventure-filled tale of a notorious French criminal and the famous mailman who brings him to justice, is now at the Washington Street Olympia and Scollay.



VAN JOHNSON and Janet Allgood are a pair of young romantics in "Two Girls and a Sailor," which comes to the State and Orpheum Thursday.

Movie Times for Today Only

STATE—"Gallant," 1:45, 4:15, 7:10, 9:30.
ORPHEUM—"Gallant," 1:45, 4:30, 7:10, 9:30.
MET—"Pin-Up Girl," 1:45, 7:10, 9:30.
WINDMILL—"Yellow Canary," 1:45, 4:30, 7:10, 9:30.
PAJAMA—"The Stage Show," 1:10, 3:45, 6:15, 8:45.
PARAMOUNT—"Going My Way," 1:30, 4:00, 6:30, 9:00.
SPAWATE—"Going My Way," 1:30, 4:00, 6:30, 9:00.
OLYMPIA—"Uncertain Glory," 2:45, 5:15, 7:45, 10:15.
PATHE—"Up in Arms," 2:10, 4:40, 7:10, 9:40.
OLD NORTH—"Background Report," Scotland, Russia, latest invasion news, cartoon, 11 p.m. "Hill 11" 8 p.m.
TRIMONT—"The Sea Wolf," 1:45, 4:15, 6:45, 9:15.
NORMANBY—"The House of Lads," 2:20, 5:15, 8:10, 10:10.
MODERN—"Lady, Let's Dance," 1:45, 4:15, 6:45, 9:15.
LYNN—"The Girl in the Red Dress," 1:45, 4:15, 6:45, 9:15.
CAFETY—"The Girl in the Red Dress," 1:45, 4:15, 6:45, 9:15.

Miss Joyce Stars at Howard

Burlesque gets bigger and better as the season goes on. Tomorrow at the Old Howard, for instance, Boston's own Mike Sacks, one of the top comics on the big wheel, will have charge of the fun department.

The lovelies in the lineup are headed by Patricia Joyce, one of Dixie's prettiest contributions to show business. Dorothy Armstrong and Peggy Woods are another duo of darlings to delight the lads, and Max Dennison is another laugh-getter on the bill.

Vaudeville headliners are Monte and Lyons, Al and Billy Richards, Alice Kennedy, Danny Evans and Billy Stern.

"No Time For Love," with Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray, and "The City That

Stopped Hitler" are the film treats.

There will be a special midnight show next Friday night.

"Let Freedom Ring"

"Let Freedom Ring," which takes over the stage at Symphony Hall tonight, is being presented under the auspices of the United Nations Assn., ten of the United Nations Relief Group. Taking part are citizens of Belgium, Czechoslovakia, Denmark, France, Greece, Holland, Norway, Poland, Russia, United China and Yugoslavia.

THE ANNIVERSARY PICTURE

THE ANNIVERSARY PICTURE

MGM

The White Cliffs of Dover

Watch for it!

draw me!

TRY FOR A FREE ART COURSE

Copy this girl and send us your drawing—perhaps you'll win a Complete HOME STUDY ART COURSE FREE.

FIVE PRIZES—five complete art courses FREE including Drawing Outfits (Value of each course, \$215.00).

FREE! Each contestant submitting a drawing of sufficient merit will get a grading and our opinion as to whether his or her talent is worth developing.

Vocational Training for talented artistic persons is of tremendous importance. Almost everything must be designed before it can be manufactured. Only talented persons can be trained as designers and illustrators. Splendid opportunities are available for talented Commercial Artists. Many of our former students are earning excellent incomes in both war and civilian industries. Here's an opportunity to test your talent FREE.

RULES: Contestants must be amateurs. Our students are not eligible. 1. Make copy of girl 8 inches high, on paper 7 inches high. Draw only the girl, not the lettering. 2. Use only pencil or pen. 3. No drawing will be returned. 4. Print your name, address (town, county, state), age, phone number and present occupation on back of drawing. 5. All drawings must be received by June 30th, 1944. Prize winning drawings will be selected by our faculty.

ART INSTRUCTION INC.

Dept. 3011, 500 South 4th Street, Minneapolis, Minn.

GLOBE HELD OVER
2nd Smash Week

HE SOWS THE SEEDS OF PASSION
AND REAPS A HARVEST OF MADNESS

The ASSASSIN OF YOUTH

ADULTS ONLY
65c
DAY
LAST

SUNDAY ADVERTISER PICTORIAL REVIEW
Page 12—BOSTON, SUN., JUNE 18, 1944

OLD HOWARD BURLESQUE
3 SHOWS DAILY
2:30, 4:30, 6:30

EVERY FRIDAY 12:30
ALWAYS SOMETHING BOMBS D.R.M. 11:15 P.M.

ENTIRE NEW SHOW STARTS MONDAY

Mike SACKS-TRUDINE

BURLESQUE'S GREATEST FUNDRAISER

MAC DENNISON
COMEDY SPARKLER
PEGGY WOODS
DARKING OF THE REVENUES

Danny Evans
Billy Stern

Monte & Lyons
Al & Billy Richards
Italian Musical Act
Colored Dancers
Alice Kennedy

NEXT WEEK—Starting Mon. June 26—MARY LANE

UPTOWN Foot & Ban. Int.
Very Popular Prices

RAY MILLAND-RUTH HUSKEY
"THE UNINVITED"
KAY KYSER LENA HORNE
"SWING FEVER"

OXETER KEN TUCKER
EXETER AND NEWBURY STREETS

DANNY KAYE CONSTANCE BOWLING
"UP IN ARMS"
TON CORWAY—"THE FALCON OUT WEST"
"CORSICA"
(New Fighting French Short Film)

TELEPIX NEWS
INVASION
TRAVELogue-POPULAR SCIENCE-LIT. ADDED

BEACON (LIT. AD.)
FOR KAL MARA MONTEZ
"ALL GALS AND THE 40 THIEVES"
ANDREW SISTERS—"SWINGTIME JOHNNY"

War Bond Premiere

A highlight of the war bond premiere of "The Story of Dr. Wassell," scheduled for tomorrow night at the Metropolitan Theater, will be the in person appearance on the stage of Carol Thurston, lovely new star find, who makes her screen debut in a featured role in the big DeMille film.

Hailed as one of the most promising Hollywood discoveries in years, Miss Thurston is under personal contract to producer-director De Mille, and thus becomes the first player to ally forth under the De Mille aegis in 15 years, joining a long line of famous personalities, including Gary Cooper, star of "Dr. Wassell."

Free tickets to the war bond show can be secured by the purchase of a war bond at any of the following theaters: Metropolitan, Paramount, Fenway, Wash. St. Olympia, Modern, Scollay, Memorial, Boston, State and Orpheum.

Gloria Swanson Stars

Gloria Swanson and Ralph Forbes co-star tomorrow evening in a new comedy by Harold V. Kennedy—"A Goose for the Gander"—at the Cambridge Summer Theater. The combination of the famed movie star, the distinguished actor, and a world premiere prior to Broadway has every indication of being an outstanding presentation of the fifth season at historic Brattle Hall. An extra matinee will be given on Wednesday at 2:30 in addition to the usual Saturday matinee.

The author, Harold V. Kennedy, Lynn Carter, Louise Valery, Richard Hart and Allan Tower complete the supporting roles.

Pattern



Let one costume do the work of two! Pattern 4805 for play and street wear; its skirt turns the classic one-piece playsuit into a dress.

Pattern 4805 comes in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42. Size 16, playsuit, takes three yards 35-inch; skirt, two yards.

This pattern, together with a neckline pattern of useful and decorative motifs for linens and garments, 20 cents.

Send 20 cents in coins for these patterns to the Boston Sunday Advertiser, Box 135, Pattern Dept., 243 West 37th st., New York 11, N. Y. Write plainly size, name, address, style number.

Send 15 cents more for new and bigger summer pattern book. Thirty-two pages easy-to-make styles. Free pattern printed in book.



ARLINE FRANCIS, who will be the charming mistress of ceremonies when "Blind Date" comes to the RKO-Boston next Thursday.

"The Uninvited" Paramount Pictures' exciting picture of Dorothy Macardie's hair-raising bestseller, starring Ray Milland, Ruth Hussey, Gail Russell and Donald Crisp, is now at the Modern Theater.

Miss Nugent at Newport

Barbara Nugent has been added to the members of the permanent acting company of the Newport Casino Theater which will open its summer season tomorrow evening.

M-G-M 20th Anniversary

Continued from Page 11

that wangled that settlement. L. B. Mayer is one of the important heads of this vast organization, much too important today to be bothered with a girl reporter who wanted to set a film company right. And, this girl reporter, no longer a girl, certainly wouldn't now be bothered.

In those happy days, before the birth of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, there was a young Irishman by the name of Edgar J. Mannix, who was first assistant to Nicholas Schenck at the old Metro office on Broadway. Today the name of Eddie Mannix has become important in picture making. He has been my friend for many years and I have found him always fair and honest. He may not always agree with me, but he always has a reason, and a good one, which he is never too busy to explain. He is a lovely Irishman and his friends swear by him, among them Maj. Clark Gable.

Eddie started with Nicholas and Joseph Schenck. He has been closely associated with them for years. Following Horace Greeley's advice of "Go West young man" he came here and became an important cog in the M-G-M wheel.

Nicholas Schenck is another old friend. He has known me since Broadway was my beat and I used to say "Do you know any news?" I can always get a smile out of him today when I

say those words that have become sure second nature; they pop out without my being conscious of having said them.

These are a few of the men, along with attractive and lovable Bob Rubin, the legal head, who have made Leo's roar heard throughout the world. Benny Thau, whom I haven't known as long as the others, but who has become a good friend, is also an important M-G-M executive. In the 19 years there are other important stars. Lt. Col. James Stewart, who has won the Distinguished Flying Cross, made his screen name; so did Maj. Clark Gable and Lt. Robert Taylor. There are so many others I could mention who joined this company the last 20 years. Spencer Tracy has been there 11 years, having come from the old Fox Co. Greer Garson is one of their popular stars, and Irene Dunne last year joined the contingent of favorites. The younger generation is also well represented, Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney have had their schooling and training at the



PATRICIA JOYCE is the star and darling of the new show at the Old Howard, which opens tomorrow.

Culver City studio of the company.

I am particularly happy to say a word of congratulation to M-G-M on its 20th anniversary. These wishes go to stars, executives and every member of the company.

NEIGHBORHOOD SUNDAY MOVIE DIRECTORY

ARLINGTON Katharine Hepburn-Gary Cooper "THE UNINVITED" JERRY VOGEL "THE UNINVITED" KENMORE SQ.—BACK BAY	GRANADA MAL 7654 1:30-3:15 • Free Parking M. Miland-R. Hussey "THE UNINVITED" Low Rental—"BATTLE OF BRITAIN"	STRAND CONTINUOUS • MAL 7654 1:30-3:15 • Free Parking "BATTLE OF BRITAIN"	MYSTIC CONTINUOUS • MAL 7654 1:30-3:15 • Free Parking "BATTLE OF BRITAIN"	ORPHEUM MAT. 2:45 • EVE 7:15 John Wayne-R. Hussey "THE UNINVITED"	AUDITORIUM CONTINUOUS Go. Marjorie Glavin-Simms "BATTLE OF BRITAIN"	MAPLEWOOD CONTINUOUS Go. Marjorie Glavin-Simms "BATTLE OF BRITAIN"	MEDFORD "PASSAGE TO MARSEILLE" 1:45-3:15 • N. M. Rd. "NORTH STATION"	LANCASTER "RATONAGE" QUINCY	STRAND QUINCY 1:45-3:15 • N. M. Rd. "NORTH STATION"	REVERE "REVERE BOULEVARD" 1:45-3:15 • N. M. Rd. "NORTH STATION"	WATERSTOWN WAT. 2728 Diana Barin-Pat. Brien J. Tan "THE UNINVITED"	WINCHESTER CONDOR R. Hussey-R. Hussey "THE UNINVITED"	WINTHROP CONDOR Go. Marjorie Glavin-Simms "BATTLE OF BRITAIN"
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M-P Theatres BUY MORE BONDS — 5th WAR LOAN Now! METROPOLITAN Betty Grable "PIN UP GIRL" GALA WAR BOND PREMIERE Metropolitan Theatre, Tomorrow Night Cecil B. "THE STORY OF GARY DE MILLE'S DR. WASSILL" Cooper Admission by War Bond Purchase Only EXTRA! IN PERSON! CAROL THURSTON!	PARAMOUNT BING CROSBY • BARRY Fitzgerald "GOING MY WAY" Plus Latest MARCH OF TIME "UNDERGROUND REPORT"	MODERN Ray Milland-Ruth Hussey "THE UNINVITED" Also Billie, "Lady, Let's Dance"	ORIENTAL Cont. 1:31 Air Conditioned Ray Milland-Ruth Hussey "THE UNINVITED"	REGENCY "THE SULLIVANS" "THE UNINVITED"	RIALTO "Her Primitive Man" EXTRA! ACTUAL D. INVASION PICTURES ROXBURY	DUDLEY "THE UNINVITED" "THE UNINVITED"	LYMPIA Tallulah Bankhead-William Bendix "THE UNINVITED"	CODMAN Tallulah Bankhead-William Bendix "THE UNINVITED"	WARRREN "THE UNINVITED"	WOLLASTON "THE UNINVITED"	WOLLASTON "THE UNINVITED"	WOLLASTON "THE UNINVITED"	WOLLASTON "THE UNINVITED"	WOLLASTON "THE UNINVITED"
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HOW \$5,000,000,000 BONUS WAS WON FOR VETERANS

Continued From Page 4

for foreign nationals all over the globe.

"The defenders of our country deserve and have every right to expect a FULL YEAR'S SALARY, or its equivalent."

MEANWHILE, Com. Atherton led a fight for administrative correction of abuses. He was largely successful. The tragic period of waiting was cut down, with the Army and Navy acting speedily to gather records, and the Veterans' Administration stepping up its adjudication.

Both Mustering-Out Pay and the improvement of the administrative system were invaluable aids to discharged veterans in the "Unwanted Battalion." But they were only STOP-GAPS: They offered no long-range program for the rehabilitation of the veterans.

The Legion and the Hearst newspapers were inspired by a single thought: That the men and women offering their lives in this most terrible of all wars should be assured a FULL SHARE in the traditional American opportunity they were fighting to defend.

The American Legion had been alert to the problem, and had been working to solve it. Com. Atherton appointed a special committee, headed by former Gov. John Stelle of Illinois to draft a comprehensive, scientific program of aid for veterans. Named to



Ex-Gov. John Stelle

Leatherette Beach Scuffs at Clyde's, \$1.99



Better take a pair of these gay, sturdy scuffs to kick around with on your vacation... they're just the thing for slacks or play togs... navy, red or green leatherette with long wearing synthetic soles... 4 to 8, no coupon necessary, only \$1.99. Clyde's Shoe Store is at 455 Washington Street. Add 15c for mail orders.



Be Beautiful AS THE STARS!

Normandie Theatre—Now Playing Merle Oberon in "Divorce of Lady X"

NASAL CORRECTIONS

Humped, long, crooked, fractured and all other nasal disturbances corrected permanently in about 30 minutes through the inside of the nose without scars. No paraffin or wax used.

NEW ROTATION FACE LIFT—Many years can be shaved from your appearance in less than an hour by Dr. Bernstein's new method.

EYE REJUVENATION—Crow's feet, superfluous wrinkles around the eyes removed quickly through a non-surgical method.

Thick, protruding and unshapely lips corrected permanently.

Men as well as women are treated by Dr. Bernstein, who is the specialist of his. You like. May Tell. Ours Hyatt.

BOSTON EVENING AMERICAN, SATURDAY, NOV. 27, 1943

12 The Unwanted Battalion

FOR SIX HUNDRED THOUSAND young Americans, the postwar period has begun.

They are the men already discharged by the armed forces. For two thousand other young Americans the postwar period begins EACH WEEK.

Every hour of the day twelve men are returned to civilian life.

Many of them find families, friends and jobs awaiting them.

But many—far too many—enjoy no such good fortune. There are the thousands discharged on psychoneurotic grounds.

There are the thousands discharged for physical unfitness.

There are the thousands discharged for incapability.

There are the thousands discharged for having lost legs, arms, eyes and stamina.

Only a few months ago these hopeful young men were the flower of American youth.

Through exhaustive physical and mental examinations, which only the best could pass, they were selected for military duty.

Now they are the unwanted battalion.

They are shunted out of hospitals.

They are shunted back to their families.

The Congress says these men ought to have their jobs back in private industry.

Employers eagerly agree.

Editorial, published in the Boston American on Nov. 27, 1943, which launched the battle for the \$5,000,000,000 veteran's bonus which ended in victory.

serve with him were Past National Com. Harry W. Colmery, of Topeka, Kan.; Sam Rorex, of Little Rock, Ark.; W. B. Waldrip of Detroit; R. M. McCurdy of Pasadena, Cal.; R. W. Sisson, Little Rock, Ark., and others.

Early in January the committee's work was completed, and the GI Bill of Rights was presented to Congress. It was introduced in the Senate on January 10 and in the House on January 11.

All of the facilities of the Hearst newspapers were thrown behind the bill. Three men were assigned to devote their full time to covering the campaign: Roy Topper of Chicago, expert promotion man; Frank K. Reilly, political expert of the Boston Hearst newspapers, and David Camelton.

IN THE American Legion Washington Headquarters, Francis M. Sullivan, national legislative director, led the fight, backed by the Stelle Special committee, by the entire national organization, and by the Legion's 1,340,000 members and more than 12,000 posts. Joining

in the fight were 600,000 members of the Legion's Auxiliary.

The trio of Hearst representatives keyed all of their activities to the wishes of the Legion. The American Legion set the pace; we who were "covering" the story adapted ourselves to their desires.

Against the background of its tremendous membership, the Legion used every available means to carry the story to the people: press, radio, motion pictures, word of mouth, magazine articles, and the public lecture platform.

Special radio transcriptions were sent throughout the country, carrying appeals from disabled veterans for their fellow fighters. Com. Atherton took to the radio himself in many appeals. Other national leaders, in and out of the Legion, broadcast.

There was no "slush fund" behind the campaign; none of the secret tricks of lobbyists. The Legion's total appropriation for the campaign was \$50,000.

and not all of that, the Legion reports, was spent.

THE Veterans of Foreign Wars, second greatest veterans' organization, joined the campaign, after first opposing the bill through Omar B. Ketchum, national legislative director.

Ketchum went before both Senate and House committees to urge immediate enactment of the measure.

The story was carried into every city, town, hamlet and rural crossroads.

Hardly an American could be found who did not know of the GI Bill of Rights. The response flooded the offices of Congressmen and Senators. More than a million names were sent in petitions to the Legion headquarters for presentation to Congress. Millions of others wrote direct to their Congressmen.

Never before had there been such a deluge on Capitol Hill.

From coast to coast, Hearst newspapers aided the circulation of petitions; carried daily appeals to readers to write, wire or phone their Senators and Congressmen.

ON MARCH 13, the bill, in revised form, was reintroduced in the Senate by Bennett Champ Clark of Missouri, first national commander of the Legion, who led the fight for its passage, with names of 80 other Senators as co-sponsors. On March 24, the Senate unanimously adopted it.

Swift passage was expected in the House, but there it was held

up when John E. Rankin, of Mississippi, chairman of the World War Veterans' Committee, refused to report it. Not until May 18 did it reach the floor of the House, where it was passed unanimously.

Details differed in the bills passed by Senate and House. The differing versions were sent to conference of House and Senate committees, where the legislation hung fire in a deadlock for nearly three weeks.

News of the invasion of Hitler's European fortress gave new impetus to the demand for immediate action, and the bill raced to a climax last week.

On Tuesday, the stalemated conferees asked the Veterans' Administration and the Legion

Continued on Page 15

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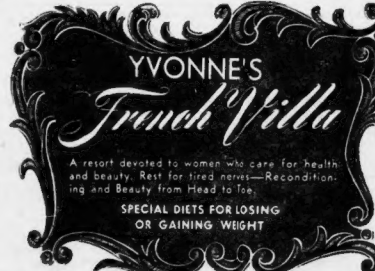
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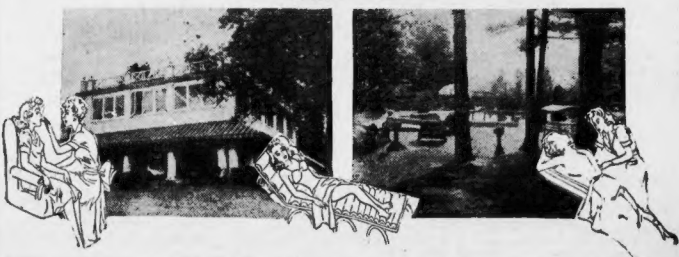
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OUR FAITHFUL FRIENDS

God gives special grace to those who love their little sisters and brothers, the birds and beasts—St. Francis Assisi.

By J. ALLEN BOONE

Today Eve Jolly, who regularly conducts this column, turns it over to a guest columnist, the famous J. Allen Boone, noted animal expert and author of "Letters to Strongheart."

MORE men, women and children are acquiring and companionship with dogs and other pets at the present time than during any other period in history. The underlying reason for this is both illuminating and highly significant. In essence it is this:

The average human being today is so fed up with the individual and collective insincerity and misbehavior of his own species that he is turning to dogs and other types of pets for that "something" he needs but is not getting from his own kind, as naturally as flowers turn to the light. The genuineness of these pets, their unselfishness, their affection and their desire to share and serve, draws him to them like an invisible magnet.

It was my privilege to live for many months with the most famous and accomplished of all four-legged screen stars—the never-to-be-forgotten Strongheart. I was not his trainer, nor did I have anything to do with the making of his pictures. I merely furnished company for him, a kind of social secretary

as it were, for an extended period of time while his owner and his director were away from California. He had been so well educated by Larry Trimble, so well encouraged to be himself and to do his own thinking, that I had to let him teach me in order to keep intelligent company with him.

THE method used in this from dog to man instruction I can highly recommend for all kinds of pets. With the aid of a dictionary and a book of synonyms, I wrote down on paper all the qualities I could identify in Strongheart that we humans regard as "beautiful, good and true" and then carefully watched what he did with these qualities in his everyday living. It was one of the most revolutionizing educational and philosophical experiences I have ever had. That dog taught me things about the art of living I had never before found in books or heard from the lips of man. And he taught me in the most difficult of all ways—through the silent but eloquent power of fine example.

One of the particularly useful things Strongheart taught me in this connection, and which has been of enormous help in my contacts with animals, snakes, birds, insects—and even my own kind, is that each of us broadcasts himself in all directions from the exact level of his

thinking, his feelings and his emotions, and that nothing we pretend on the outside by appearance or speech, can prevent this from affecting all life around us.

FROM long observation of all sorts of life in many different countries, and purely for the personal satisfaction of trying to find out at first hand what makes everything tick the way it does, I have come to know that when we humans go about it in the right way, every living expression of life in the universe not only wants to be our friend but has things of great and enduring value to share with us and to teach us. Just as each of us, because of his individual uniqueness in the great plan, purpose and process, has friendship and value to share with every other living being throughout the universe. It has to be like that. It's law! And he who moves against the unseen but highly potent law, even with the so-called lowest of living things, does so at his peril.

The answer? Get yourself a pet if you haven't one—any old kind will do—and then with all the humility and receptivity you can acquire, let your pet teach you through the sheer power of example. You'll be surprised!

On The Side

By E. V. DURLING

Distributed by KING PUBLISHERS SYND., INC.

*He loves his bonds, who
When the first are broke
Submits his neck unto a second
yoke.* —HERRICK.

(Above is one of the many cynical observations as to the wisdom of marrying twice. However, the record shows that second marriages have a higher percentage of happy results than first marriages.)

How about your first date? Women usually vividly recall this occasion as it is one of the most important events of their youth. Men rarely remember their very first date. The first date I remember was with a girl named Mary in Andover, Mass. The second was with another girl named Mary from Haverhill, Mass. Seems in my early youth all the girls I knew were named either Mary or Lillian. Inspiration of this paragraph is a communication from a subscriber who says on her first date, which took place in New Orleans, the young gentleman and herself were riding home on a street car when their attention was attracted by the following verse on a sign:

*Any girl can be gay
In a nice coupe;
In a taxi they all can be jolly.
But the girl worth while
Is the girl who can smile
When you're taking her home
in a trolley.*

Queries from clients. Q—Have you forgotten that on Oct. 6, 1943, you stated you were will-

ing to bet a box of stogies that the Yanks would march down Unter Den Linden in Berlin before July 4, 1944. Looks as if you were off the beam. A—Certainly I remember it. Why didn't you take the bet? I think time will show that I wasn't so far off the beam at that. Q—Do you remember the great Dartmouth athletes Clark Tobin and Hiker Joy? A—I remember them. Tobin was a Dartmouth man, but if "Hiker" Joy didn't attend Holy Cross I owe you a package of pipe tobacco.

The facial makeup affected by some females keeps getting more artificial in appearance. For a period this makeup made the women look a little like talking dolls. That wasn't bad. But now it makes them look like clothing store dummies. What a burden that kind of makeup must be to a woman. Must make her feel as if she were carrying a basket of eggs on her head.

Note some cocker spaniel puppies offered for sale at \$110 each. Also some springer spaniel puppies for \$75 each. Latter must be a cut-rate place. Imagine offering to sell a springer for less than a cocker. It's ridiculous. Still either of those prices is not so bad. My pup is a descendant of champions. He should be a papa. If they are selling pups for \$75 to \$100 apiece it is a cinch I am going to breed springers on my ranch when I get a ranch.

His jig is up!

Maybe you remember this picture.

It was taken just four years ago next Thursday. Hitler was dancing a jig then because the French were surrendering in the same railway car that had been the scene of Germany's surrender in 1918... bitter irony, that.

But now his jig is up.

Today Hitler cringes under the wrath of a peaceful world aroused. And it's people like you who are making that wrath felt.

Now is the time for the knock-out punch. So put your extra dollars into extra War Bonds now—and hold on to them! Be first to back the Fifth War Loan.

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